

FINAL

FILE

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PART 1

PILLAR TO POST

FILE

AUG. 3, 1944

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"PILLAR TO POST"

8/3/44

PART I

FINAL

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**1 SCRIPT**

8/3/44

PART I

FINAL

*Title* "PILLAR TO POST"

*Signed* \_\_\_\_\_

R-15652



"PILLAR TO POST"

Screenplay

by

Charles Hoffman

Producer:  
Alex Gottlieb  
8/3/44

## THE PEOPLE

- JEAN HOWARD.....The brisk, bright, attractive answer to the manpower shortage in her father's oil well supply company. In her late twenties, with her line of chatter and her wise eyes, Jean could sell almost anybody almost anything.
- DON MALLORY.....A good-looking young Lieutenant stationed at Camp Clay, on the outskirts of Clayfield.
- SLIM CLARKE.....A slow-talking, quick-thinking Texan - the Superintendent of a rig at the Black Hills Oil Fields, also on the outskirts of Clayfield. Slim completes the triangle.
- COLONEL MICHAEL OTLEY....Don's bombastic Commanding Officer at Camp Clay.
- KATE OTLEY.....His wife. Mrs. Otley's name is legion. She is the woman behind the fighting man -- stationed at home.
- LUCILLE.....The colored porter at Clayfield's Colonial Auto Court.
- MRS. MALLORY.....Don's mother. She is a reserved, attractive, middle-aged woman.
- J. R. HOWARD.....Jean's father. He is a typical American business man, the head of an oil well supply company, and the father of a daughter one step ahead of him.
- LOOLIE FISHER.....A wise-cracking little blonde service-station attendant.
- CAPTAIN JACK ROSS.....A young Army Officer who is about to have a baby.
- MRS. WINGATE.....The manager of the Colonial Auto Court.

(CONTINUED)



(Cont.)

MRS. BROMLEY.....A civic-conscious Clayfield  
matron, who presides over the  
USO housing-information desk  
at the bus terminal.

BIG JOE.....A big, lumbering oil-fields  
laborer.

GERTRUDE WILSON.....The typical talkative woman  
who always sits beside you  
in busses.

CLARENCE WILSON.....Her husband, a Private at  
Camp Clay.

THE CORLISS FAMILY.....Corporal Corliss, his wife  
Pudge, and their horrible  
little daughter, Celeste --  
a typical young American  
family, trying to find a  
room in an Army Camp town.

AL and LOUIE.....Two sergeants who offer Jean  
an automobile ride. If she  
had accepted, this script  
would end on Page 23.

MAJOR STROTZ.....Another officer at Camp Clay.

The wives and women of the  
Colonial Auto Court -- a  
weathered taxi-driver --  
assorted military personnel --  
people on busses and in stations  
-- a dance band -- a woman and  
her son who peek in windows --  
and a frog named Chloe.

FADE IN

1. STOCK SHOT LOS ANGELES SKYLINE DAY

over which is an identifying title.

2. CLOSE SHOT STREET SIGN DAY

at the intersection of Wilshire Boulevard and some desirable Avenue. CAMERA COMES DOWN to street level and we PICK UP a taxi speeding along Wilshire.

3. INT. TAXI (PROCESS)

It is being driven by a comely young female. JEAN HOWARD sits in the back seat. She is in her middle twenties -- slim, pert, very attractive. She is dressed in an expensive street outfit, and apparently comes from a wealthy background. At the moment, however, her face is hidden as she studies herself in a mirror. Music COMES OVER cab radio, but as CAMERA MOVES in, the program changes, and a woman's voice bleats out, "What are you doing for the war effort?" The mirror now comes down, and as Jean listens to the rest of the woman's spiel (to be written later) -

WIPE TO;

4. FULL SHOT EXT. ENTRANCE OFFICE BUILDING

and portion of sidewalk and curb, as Jean's cab pulls to a stop. A uniformed doorwoman helps her out, and Jean pays the girl driver, and starts into building with CAMERA.

5. INT. FOYER OFFICE BUILDING DAY

as Jean enters. The intent of this opening is to show an idle society girl in contrast to working women, and we now SEE that the bootblack at the shoe-shine stand is a girl, the elevator starter is a girl, a pert girl messenger hurries through the crowd, etc. Several card-tables have been set up near the elevators, where civic-conscious young matrons are soliciting for the blood-bank, a War Loan drive, appeals from the Red Cross, recruiting new nurses' aides, etc. Jean strides through the scene toward an elevator, but pauses on the threshold of it when she realizes that it is full of women in various uniforms. Then, gathering her courage together, she enters, and the doors close.

WIPE TO:



6. MED. SHOT AN OFFICE DOOR  
on which is lettered:

COAST OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY

J. R. HOWARD, PRES.

A woman janitor is washing the glass pane in the door. Jean enters SHOT, opens the door, ignoring the janitress, and enters office.

7. INT. RECEPTION ROOM COAST SUPPLY COMPANY DAY

This is a standard office in a typical Los Angeles office building. A gentle young man, whom we will call ALEX, sits at the reception desk. Jean comes in, closing the door behind her with a relieved sigh.

ALEX:

(with a slight  
lisp)

Good morning, Miss Howard.

JEAN:

Hello, Alex. What a relief! You're the first man I've seen today.

ALEX:

(complimented)

Thanks.

JEAN:

My father in?

ALEX:

He's talking to the War Manpower Commission. In Washington. You better go in before he bursts something.

Jean smiles knowingly, and heads for a door marked PRIVATE.

8. INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE DAY

This is an adequate, but not luxurious, business office. Jean's father, J. R. HOWARD -- an energetic, bombastic, middle-aged business man -- is conducting a tirade over the phone. As he talks, Jean enters, rounds the desk, kisses him on the forehead, and then sits up on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

HOWARD:

(into phone)

Essential! Just what do you call essential! We need oil to run this war, don't we? Well, it isn't just going to jump into a barrel! We have to go get it! And we have to have the men to get it with!

(pause)

I don't care about regulation 70XXX! I can't run a supply business without salesmen, and you've taken every one I had!

(pause)

Oh, I've heard all that before!

(grimly slams the receiver down)

They say an Army moves on its stomach! Well, in this war, that stomach moves on wheels! And it takes oil -- gasoline . . . !

(to Jean, as he rises, storms around the office)

If I'd only had a son! If you'd only been a man . . . !

JEAN:

(calmly)

Well, you didn't. And I'm not. And he'd have been drafted, too.

HOWARD:

(disregarding this)

There're eight orders out in the field we could get if I had the men to get 'em! Instead, we'll probably lose every one!

(despairingly)

If I was only thirty years younger and had a heart instead of this --

(taps his heart)

-- putt-putt . . . !

Jean looks at him thoughtfully for a minute, and then speaks quietly.

JEAN:

Dad . . .

HOWARD:

Mmmmmmm?

(CONTINUED)



8 (Cont.1)

JEAN:

I'm thirty years younger. My heart's all right.

HOWARD:

You?

JEAN:

Why not let me go out in the field?

HOWARD:

Jean, this is no time for levity.

JEAN:

(as the idea develops  
in her mind)

I'm serious . . .

HOWARD:

(stubbornly)

But this is a man's job!

JEAN:

Why?

HOWARD:

Well, it -- it -- it is, that's all! Whoever heard of a female well supply salesman? I'd be laughed out of business!

JEAN:

You won't have a business to be laughed out of if you keep losing orders. And you're not going to let regulation 70XXX close you up, are you?

HOWARD:

(befuddled)

No, but . . .

JEAN:

I'll be dealing with men, won't I? Well, I've dealt with a few before in my life -- and pretty successfully . . .

HOWARD:

Not these kinds!

JEAN:

Dad, I've a whole season ahead of luncheons and teas and cocktail parties that'll bore me silly! I'd like to feel that -- well, that I have some reason for living . . .

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.2)

HOWARD:

There're a lot of other things you  
can do!

JEAN:

What? The WACS and the WAVES  
turned me down. The Red Cross  
laughs at my bandages. The Blood  
Bank won't take any more of my  
blood. Oh, I can grow zucchini,  
but a girl can't throw her life  
away on zucchini. I've tried every-  
thing but knitting, and I'm saving  
that for my old age.

(pause)

How about it?

HOWARD:

Jean, I . . .

JEAN:

Let's be honest, Dad. You've raised  
a hot-house plant. How about giving  
it a little fresh air?

HOWARD:

(sits down at his  
desk, rests his head  
in his hands a minute,  
then looks up, defeated --  
both by her, and by his  
situation)

Okay. I'll try it. Poor old senile  
J. R. Howard!

(shakes his head)

When your brain starts going, it sure  
goes fast.

(sighs)

But at least we have three days to  
teach you the ropes in.

JEAN:

Three days? I'll be rushed to death  
shopping!

HOWARD:

Shopping?

JEAN:

(nicely)

You wouldn't want me to go out there  
just wearing any old thing, would you . . . ?

As he reacts -

DISSOLVE TO:



## 9. A MONTAGE

of roaring trains and speeding busses, interspersed by telegrams which fall across the SCREEN. They read:

MISSED WASCO DEAL BY  
TEN MINUTES SO SORRY

COULD HAVE PUT OVER TAFT DEAL  
BUT I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A GIRL

NO DEAL IN MARICOPA BUS DELAYED  
DON'T GET IN AN UPROAR

NO SOAP ON OILDALE JOB IN FACT  
NO SOAP ANYPLACE NO I WON'T  
COME HOME

ARRIVE CLAYFIELD TOMORROW THIS  
IS IT I PROMISE WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TELL ME MEN WERE SO STUBBORN

DISSOLVE TO:

## 10. FULL SHOT A HIGHWAY

as a passenger bus roars along it.

## 11. INT. BUS (PROCESS)

It is filled with the usual heterogeneous collection of passengers. CAMERA EXPLORES scene, and finally arrives at --

## 12. JEAN AND ANOTHER WOMAN PASSENGER (PROCESS)

sitting side by side, toward the rear of the bus. The woman, GERTRUDE WILSON, is next to the window. Jean is on the aisle. She is a wreck, and shows decidedly the strains of travel. Her clothes are mussed and dirty, her hair hangs damp and limp, her shoes are off, her little hat is pulled down over part of her face, and she is curled up on the seat, and trying to sleep, although Gertrude chatters away at a great rate.

GERTRUDE:

I've always said a woman's place  
is with her husband. That is -- a  
married woman's place. We have to

(CONTINUED)

GERTRUDE: (Cont.)  
be careful these days - you know --  
(in a confidential and suspicious  
whisper)

-- so few men -- and so many girls --  
and, well, the things they say about  
the women in these Army towns!

(Jean shifts her  
position on seat)

Of course, Clarence was perfectly  
willing to come out here alone. That  
is -- just him and the Army. And  
besides there's a small fine or some-  
thing if they invite you to join the  
Army and you refuse.

(her attention is  
attracted to some-  
thing out of the  
window)

Well, we're almost to Clayfield.  
There's the Army camp now.

Jean sits up, opens her purse, and starts to put on  
makeup.

GERTRUDE:  
I don't see Clarence anywhere! Is  
your husband stationed here?

JEAN:  
I'm not married.

GERTRUDE:  
Not married! Then how can you be an  
Army wife?

JEAN:  
I can't.

GERTRUDE:  
(with mounting sus-  
picion, as Jean con-  
tinues to make up)  
But you -- you look like an Army wife,  
and on this bus, and all. I thought  
we had so much in common.

JEAN:  
(drily)  
We haven't.

(CONTINUED)



12 (Cont.1)

As Gertrude reacts, Jean leans over to put on her shoes, but can only find one. We follow with a short routine as she searches under the seats, and then sits up again, as ANGLE WIDENS to INCLUDE a sailor who holds her shoe. She reaches for it, but he holds it away, meaningly indicating that he wants to put it on her, himself.

SAILOR:

Allow me . . .

Jean's instinct is to stop him, but she senses Gertrude's silent disapproval of all this, and extends her foot to the sailor, glancing at Gertrude beside her, and clicking her tongue lightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

13. INT. BUS DEPOT CLAYFIELD, CALIFORNIA DAY

SHOOTING TOWARD bus entrance. This is the scene of considerable tumult. Husbands are greeting their wives, mothers are kissing their sons goodbye, bawling children are being dragged toward wash-rooms, a long line forms at the ticket window, another at the telephone. CAMERA PICKS UP Jean as she enters from the bus. She carries a small handbag, a briefcase, and looks around inquiringly. Behind her Gertrude greets a timid little Army private. CAMERA ANGLING FROM Jean to FAVOR them for a moment.

GERTRUDE:

(standing back  
and looking at  
him)

Clarence Wilson -- look at your  
hair!

(CONTINUED)

13(Cont.)

CLARENCE:

I didn't have anything to do with  
it, Gertrude! You open your mouth  
to tell them what you want, and  
when you close it, you've got a G.I.  
haircut.

(takes her arm)

Come on. I have a friend who has a  
friend who knows a fellow whose cousin  
may be able to get us a room.

They are now swallowed up by the crowd in the small  
station, CAMERA WITH Jean, who looks around her some-  
what forlornly. The sailor from the buss passes, his  
duffle-bag over his shoulder.

14. MED. SHOT JEAN AND SAILOR

SAILOR:

Now what have you lost?

JEAN:

(smiling)

You don't happen to have an extra  
hotel on you?

SAILOR:

Lady, they'd be sleeping in trees  
in this town. If there were trees  
in this town.

(with a meaning  
twinkle)

But if you do get located . . .

An immense, motherly woman bustles into SHOT, and sweeps  
the sailor into her arms.

WOMAN:

Archie -- my baby!!!!

The sailor's embarrassment is smothered in his mother's  
bosom, as Jean smiles, and then turns, and starts toward  
the telephones, with CAMERA.

15. MOVING SHOT JEAN

passing open phone cubicles. In the first one a vehement  
traveling salesman is holding forth.

SALESMAN:

(into phone)

No, I'm not here to see a soldier!  
I just want a room, a place to sleep,  
a bed with four walls around it!

(CONTINUED)



15 (Cont.)

In the next cubicle, a sweet little southern girl is making a plea that is almost tearful.

GIRL:

Well, I suppose I could share a bathroom with ten people. If they're all girls . . .

Jean moves on. An earnest young Army Private is talking over the next phone.

PRIVATE:

She can't walk the streets all night. I mean, she's my mother.

Another young woman comes out of the next cubicle as Jean reaches it.

YOUNG WOMAN:

(aloud, but to herself)

All you need in this town to get a place to sleep is a husband, a car, and a prayer!

She exits past Jean, and Jean is about to turn toward the phone, when her attention is attracted to something o.s.

16. MED. SHOT U.S.O. HOUSING-INFORMATION DESK

It is presided over by a MRS. BROMLEY, an abundant and civic-conscious Clayfield matron, doing her bit for the war effort. She is talking politely but firmly to a rotund business man.

MRS. BROMLEY:

We want to be helpful, but this is a U.S.O. and we must find rooms for the wives, mothers, and sweethearts of our servicemen first.

BUSINESS MAN:

Aren't civilians supposed to sleep in this war?

He moves off, muttering.

17. MED. FULL JEAN

starting toward the line in front of the desk. She is momentarily blocked by a young couple who pass her. The boy is an Army Sergeant. The girl is very distraught.

GIRL:

But I told them that, Joe! I told them I came all the way from Seattle! And all they said was I could have come from the moon, and there still wouldn't be an extra room in Clayfield! If we were only married . . . !

As they pass, Jean takes her place in the line of applicants for accommodations at the U.S.O. desk. Mrs. Bromley is now talking to CORPORAL CORLISS and his wife, PUDGE, ahead of Jean in line. They are desperately trying to find rooms for themselves and their vile little daughter CELESTE, who tugs at her mother's hand, whines, etc..

MRS. BROMLEY:

I'm sorry, Corporal Corliss -- I don't think I can find a thing for you...

PUDGE:

But why do landlords dislike children?

CELESTE:

Everybody dislikes children. We're horrible little things!

PUDGE:

(turning on her husband)  
This is all your fault! You might have engaged a room in advance!

CORLISS:

(unhappily as they exit)  
I've been bivouacing for five days, Pudge. And you can't reserve a room from a bivouac!

18. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING JEAN

the next in line.

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Bromley)  
I suppose it's useless, but --

MRS. BROMLEY:

(nicely)  
I'm afraid it is, dear . . .

(CONTINUED)



18 (Cont.)

The telephone rings on her desk, and she answers it, before Jean turns away.

MRS. BROMLEY:

(to Jean)

Pardon me. . .

(into phone)

Housing information. Oh, hello, Grace . . .

(Jean starts to turn away, but Mrs. Bromley stops her, putting hand over receiver)

The Colonial Auto Court. Wait a minute . . .

(into phone, her eyes widening as the woman on the other end talks)

Oh, you have? They did? She was? Well, I don't blame you!

(eagerly)

Yes, there's a line in front of me now.

Yes, I know . . .

(to Jean)

No children, dear?

JEAN:

(puzzled)

Er -- no . . .

MRS. BROMLEY:

(into phone)

No, no children.

(to Jean)

Army bride?

JEAN:

(still puzzled)

Well -- er . . .

MRS. BROMLEY:

(coyly)

Don't be bashful. I was one myself, once.

(into phone)

I'm sending down one right now, Grace.

(hangs up and looks at Jean cheerfully)

Well, aren't you the lucky one . . . !

(withdraws a card from a little file and fills it out rapidly, as Jean stands, slightly stunned)

The Colonial only caters to married couples without children, and they have just had a vacancy!

JEAN:

But -- er . . .

(CONTINUED)

MRS. BROMLEY:  
 Didn't your husband meet you?

JEAN:  
 Well, no -- that is -- you see ...

MRS. BROMLEY:  
 (with a knowing nod)  
 It happens a thousand times a day.  
 These Army regulations are pretty  
 tough on young married couples . . .

JEAN:  
 Well, frankly . . .

MRS. BROMLEY:  
 (interrupting- handing  
 Jean the card)  
 Just give this card to Mrs. Wingate at  
 the Colonial Auto Court - you'll have  
 to take a cab out Route 47 - leave your  
 luggage, continue on out and pick up  
 your husband at the Camp - it's only four  
 miles further - bring him back, register  
 and you'll have the nicest little cabin  
 in Clayfield!

Her smile and gesture settle everything and dismiss Jean,  
 CAMERA GOING with her as she moves away and someone else  
 takes her place at the desk.

JEAN:  
 (thoughtfully studying  
 the card)  
 "Pick -- up -- my -- husband - ...  
 register... nicest - little - cabin -  
 in -- Clayfield...

DISSOLVE TO:

19. FULL SHOT COLONIAL AUTO COURT DAY

This is a group of ten attractive colonial cottages on  
 the outskirts of Clayfield. They are built along both  
 sides of a court of small walks, flower borders, and  
 little plots of lawn. Colorful but inexpensive canvas  
 furniture brightens the porches of the cabins, and a  
 crisp new sign of identification swings over the  
 entrance. A colored porter, incongruously named  
 LUCILLE, sweeps off the walk near the manager's cabin  
 somewhat lackadaisically. A ramshackle taxi, piloted by  
 one of Clayfield's veterans, pulls into gravel drive of  
 Court from highway, and stops near Lucille, who pauses,  
 and looks at it with idle curiosity.



Jean gets out of the back seat, holding her brief-case and looking the place over approvingly. The driver gets out of his side, with Jean's bag and much rheumatic effort.

DRIVER:  
(handing her a chit)  
Eighty-five cents. American money.

JEAN:  
Just a minute . . .

DRIVER:  
I ain't got much waitin' time, lady.

## 21. ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING steps and porch of manager's cabin, as MRS. WINGATE appears in screen door. She is the manager of the Colonial Auto Court. She looks at Jean inquisitively, and Jean goes toward her with CAMERA, holding out the card given her at the depot and ignoring the driver.

JEAN:  
They called from the bus depot . . .

MRS. WINGATE:  
Oh, yes -- you're the new Army bride!  
(looks at driver)  
Where's your husband?

JEAN:  
(fumbling)  
Well, he -- er -- he went out on a bivouac. I'm going -- er -- out to meet him.  
(indicates her bedraggled appearance)  
But I'd like to get cleaned up, first.

MRS. WINGATE:  
(nodding)  
Of course.  
(to Lucille, who is jotting something down in a little black book)  
Lucille, take the lady's bag down to cabin #6.  
(to Jean, coyly -- as Lucille pockets book and assembles the luggage)  
A Lieutenant, I suppose . . . ?  
(Jean nods, but not comprehending)  
I knew it the moment I saw you! Well, you can register when you get back. But

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

MRS. WINGATE: (Cont.)  
make it by six o'clock. If you're not  
here then, I'll have to let it go to  
someone else!

She turns back toward her cabin.

DRIVER:  
(to Jean, Lucille  
loitering in b.g.)  
Eighty-five cents, American money.

JEAN:  
(quickly)  
Do you know Slim Clarke at the Black  
Hills Oil Fields?

DRIVER:  
Known him since he was a gleam in his  
father's...

JEAN:  
(interrupting)  
Good. Wait here. I'll be right back.

She and Lucille exit toward cabin #6, cab driver looking  
after her with a startled expression.

22. MOVING SHOT JEAN AND LUCILLE

along a walk of the Court.

JEAN:  
Isn't Lucille rather a strange  
name for a man . . .

LUCILLE:  
Winifred's stranger -- an' he's  
my brother.

JEAN:  
Winifred?

LUCILLE:  
(with pride)  
The third one's Emily. He's in the Navy.

JEAN:  
I suppose you have a sister named George?

LUCILLE:  
(shaking his head,  
sadly)  
No sisters, ma'am -- an' the family  
always wanted a girl.

(CONTINUED)



22 (Cont.)

They start up the steps of Cabin #6 as a little fiend named WILBUR jumps out from around the side of it, machine-gunning them with a small wooden machine gun. After startling them both, he vanishes.

JEAN:

I thought you didn't take children.

LUCILLE:

(succinctly -

indicating Wilbur)

We don't. Not since we got him.

As they continue on to cabin door --

DISSOLVE TO:

23. FULL SHOT A LARGE SIGN DAY  
reading:

BLACK HILLS OIL COMPANY

It has been erected along the side of the highway, and in the background, oil derricks spread across the country surrounding Clayfield. CAMERA PANS from sign to --

24. FULL SHOT HIGHWAY  
as Jean's taxi pulls to a stop near the sign.

25. CLOSER SHOT TAXI  
Jean gets out, looking somewhat hesitatingly toward the derricks, and then at the driver. She has freshened up and is very attractive.

DRIVER:

(extends his hand)

One-fifty. American money.

JEAN:

Will you please wait? This shouldn't take long.

DRIVER:

(curiously)

What shouldn't take long?

JEAN:

I have some business to transact.  
If I can wind it up, you can take me back to the Auto Court, and maybe I can get out of here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

DRIVER:

Tonight? What about your husband?

JEAN:

Oh, I'll see him on the next trip.

As she turns toward derricks --

CUT TO:

26. INT. LEAN-TO NEAR AN OIL RIG DAY

The lean-to (or "doghouse") is the little cabin of the superintendent of the rig. It is an extremely crude shack, boasting a few chairs, necessary instruments belonging to the "tool-pusher", a table, a wall telephone, etc. Now SLIM CLARKE is on the telephone. Slim is the superintendent of the job - big hearty, hard-boiled guy.

SLIM:

(on phone)

I'm not deciding until tomorrow, Foster.

I'm waiting to talk to a guy from Howard's.

27. MED. SHOT JEAN IN DOORWAY

-- overhearing this, with mild amusement and looking him over carefully.

28. CLOSE SHOT SLIM AT PHONE

SLIM:

Take it easy, pal. I'm not sure which I'm going to set -- I'll let you hear from me. You know I can't be rushed.

29. ANOTHER ANGLE INT. LEAN-TO

as he hangs up phone and turns to start out of shack, stopping dead when he sees Jean. Outlined against the late afternoon sun, she is something that's never stood in that doorway before.

JEAN:

(entering)

Hello....



SLIM:  
(smiling rubbing  
a hand over his forehead)  
I've heard about things like this, but  
I thought you only saw 'em when you  
went without water for a week or two....

JEAN:  
(smiling)  
I'm the guy from Howard's...  
(extends her hand)  
Get our wire?

SLIM:  
(puzzled)  
Yeh -- but I . . .

JEAN:  
(indicating a chair)  
Won't you -- ask a fellow to sit down?

Slightly embarrassed, but grinning, he brushes dust off  
the chair with his handkerchief and she sits down, cross-  
ing her legs and revealing just enough to make Slim  
swallow!

JEAN:  
Cigarette?

SLIM:  
(grinning)  
I roll mine....

JEAN:  
Me, too....

With an amused shrug, he takes out a tobacco pouch and  
cigarette papers, offers her one, and together they roll  
cigarettes. Self-conscious and flustered, he makes a  
mess of his, but Jean capably rolls hers quickly and he  
lights it with a match. Then she leans back and begins,  
very business-like.

JEAN:  
Going to set seven inch around ninety-  
seven-hundred-feet -- right?

SLIM:  
(a cautious reply as  
he watches her curiously)  
Yeh....

JEAN:  
T&C or integral joint?

SLIM:  
T&C.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.1)

JEAN:

With integral you could use  
thirty-two pounds instead of  
thirty-six pounds, and save  
yourself eight hundred bucks.

SLIM:

Maybe you got something there.  
(amazed at this talk  
from this girl)  
But how....?

JEAN:

(goes on quickly)  
We'll have it on the rack day  
after tomorrow. Can Foster  
tie that?

SLIM:

(nicely)  
What is this?

JEAN:

Just a little business proposi-  
tion, Mr. Clarke. We think we  
have the stuff you need for  
this job....

SLIM:

(grinning)  
I don't deny that, but . . .

Jean quickly pulls a contract out of her purse, and  
slaps it down on the table, interrupting him.

JEAN:

Good! Then if you'll put your  
John Henry on this line . . .

SLIM:

(retreating slightly)  
Whoa, wait a minute, lady. . .!

JEAN:

You just said you liked the  
product.

SLIM:

I don't think we were talkin'  
about the same thing.  
(indicates contract)  
You're a little fast for me. I  
have to think things like this  
over . . .

(CONTINUED)



JEAN:

You don't look like the hesitating type . . .

SLIM:

(grins again)

I'm not exactly "hesitating," -- I'm just a -- little hard to get. You have to work on me for a little while. Last year Foster took me on a week's fishing trip for an order. How badly do you want this one -- say, a dinner's worth?

JEAN:

(coolly)

Surely I don't need to bribe you.

SLIM:

I don't call my taking you out to dinner bribing me. If I'm going to save eight hundred bucks on the deal, I could probably spend a couple on dinner -- how about it . . . ?

JEAN:

(giving in)

I eat dinner.

SLIM:

(it's settled)

Good. Where can I pick you up?

JEAN:

Well, my plans more or less depend on a -- er -- certain Lieutenant.

SLIM:

A Lieutenant?

JEAN:

A -- er -- a relative. I'd better call you....

SLIM:

Got a ride in?

JEAN:

(nods)

Taxi.

SLIM:

(grinning)

This is no country for a girl to go wandering around in alone.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN:  
(nodding, also smiling)  
I'm finding that out.

She exits, CAMERA HOLDING on Slim who looks after her interestedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

30. MOVING SHOT JEAN

stepping gingerly through the brush, and reaching the taxi.

DRIVER:  
Did you land the deal?

JEAN:  
That all depends on whether I  
land something else or not.

During this, a jeep passes along the road beyond the taxi and attracts Jean's attention.

JEAN:  
Is this the road from Camp Clay?  
The one Lieutenants take?

DRIVER:  
It's the only one there is. Don't  
matter how many stripes you've got.

JEAN:  
(as plan develops in her mind)  
And didn't we pass a boulevard stop?

DRIVER:  
(suspiciously)  
Yep.

JEAN:  
(as she enters cab)  
I'll get out there.

DRIVER:  
Lady, if I was a curious man, I'd  
sure wonder what you was up to.

DISSOLVE TO:

31. CLOSE SHOT BOULEVARD STOP SIGN LATE AFTERNOON

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Jean standing in front of sign at a highway intersection. She has never thumbbed a ride before, and isn't quite sure how to begin, but she definitely wants passing cars to stop at the sign.

(CONTINUED)



Towards this end, she dusts it off lightly and tries to make it as appealing as possible. OVER SHOT COMES a screeching of brakes as a vehicle pulls up behind her. She turns and in --

## 32. ANOTHER ANGLE

she sees a jeep containing two gallant young Sergeants, AL and LOUIE, who are sitting staring at her wondrously.

JEAN:

(very politely, as they  
look)

How do you do?

AL:

(wondrously)

Do my eyes deceive me?

LOUIE:

(almost breathlessly)

We come past this place six-eight-  
ten times a week, and all we see  
is an occasional tarantula. To-  
night -- lo! A tomato!

JEAN:

A tomato?

AL:

(nodding)

And strictly fresh.

JEAN:

(coolly)

I beg your pardon . . . !

AL:

Sorry, lady -- is there any  
shape, form, or manner, that  
we can be of assistance?

JEAN:

You don't -- er -- happen to be  
Lieutenants, do you?

LOUIE:

(gently)

No. We happen to be Sergeants.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN:  
I'm terribly sorry. I -- I'm  
looking for a Lieutenant . . .

At this moment, another car pulls to a stop behind  
the jeep.

AL:  
(turning)  
Oh-oh, the Old Man.

LOUIE:  
(to Jean)  
We'll be back when we get com-  
missioned.

The jeep bounces off.

33. ANOTHER ANGLE

INCLUDING a sedan, behind jeep, as the jeep drives  
off. It is being driven by MAJOR STROTZ; COLONEL  
MICHAEL OTLEY sits beside him. We will soon know  
that the two men are on the staff of Officers at  
Camp Clay. Otley leans out of the window, looking  
after disappearing jeep, and then at Jean who steps  
up, rather cautiously.

JEAN:  
(very politely)  
How do you do?

STROTZ:  
What seems to be the trouble, miss?

JEAN:  
(swallowing)  
Oh, no trouble -- I was -- I was  
just looking for someone. . .

OTLEY:  
In that jeep?

JEAN:  
Oh, they were Sergeants. I'm  
looking for a Lieutenant.

STROTZ:  
A Lieutenant? In a jeep?

JEAN:  
It doesn't matter what he's in.  
(looks at his car)  
You don't happen to be Lieuten-  
ants, do you?

(CONTINUED)



33 (Cont.)

STROTZ:

No, we don't.

JEAN:

Well, I'm sorry - I can't use you, either.

As men exchange glances, a truck pulls up behind their car, bumps it slightly, then the driver leans out and bellows:

DRIVER:

Hey, servin' tea up there????

OTLEY:

(to Jean)

I'm sorry we can't oblige you by losing rank.

JEAN:

That's all right. And it was sweet of you to stop.

34. INT. CAR (PROCESS)

as it pulls away.

OTLEY:

It was "sweet" of us to stop!  
(shakes his head)

It's amazing how these women follow the men! That one must have come up out of a gopher hole!

DISSOLVE TO:

35. CLOSE SHOT A WATCH

LATE AFTERNOON

on Jean's wrist. It reads 5:45. There is an ant crawling across the watch and Jean's hand brushes it off. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO --

36. FULL SHOT JEAN

pacing around near the stop sign, and looking up the road. By now she is quite tired and growing a little desperate. Finally, she sits down on a nearby rock,

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

and takes off her shoes, massaging her tired feet.  
During this she looks up, and apparently sees another car approaching.

37. FULL SHOT HIGHWAY

as a convertible coupe approaches.

38. FULL SHOT JEAN

She has about given up hope, and remains seated as the car pulls to a stop at the sign. It is driven by an attractive young officer, LIEUTENANT DON MALLORY. For a moment, after he stops, they silently but completely appraise each other. Finally he speaks:

DON:  
Looking for something?

JEAN:  
I was, but I'm about ready to give up. You don't happen to be a Lieutenant, do you?

DON:  
(slightly cool)  
No, I don't.

JEAN:  
I was afraid of that. Well, would you mind giving me a lift into town?

DON:  
(after evaluating situation)  
Hop in.

He leans across the seat, opens the door, and carrying her shoes, Jean gets in car.

DISSOLVE TO:

39. JEAN AND DON INT. DON'S CAR (PROCESS) LATE AFTERNOON

as they head for town. During following scene, Jean puts her shoes on.

(CONTINUED)



JEAN:

(finally)

You're stationed at the Camp,  
I suppose?

DON:

That's right.

JEAN:

Any Lieutenants out there?

DON:

(nodding)

Quite a few.

JEAN:

Don't they ever leave Camp?

DON:

Occasionally.

JEAN:

Well, I'd like to have the  
satisfaction of just seeing  
one.

DON:

You have.

She looks at him curiously, he grins slightly, and  
nods.

JEAN:

But I thought you said you  
didn't happen to be a Lieuten-  
ant!

DON:

I don't "happen" to be a Lieuten-  
ant! I worked my -- er -- very  
hard to become one! Lieutenants  
are sensitive on that subject!

JEAN:

(timidly)

Oh, I -- didn't mean to hurt  
your feelings. Are you a single  
Lieutenant?

DON:

Yes, just one.

JEAN:

No, I mean -- married?

(CONTINUED)

JEAN: (Cont.)  
(quickly, as he gives  
her a puzzled glance)  
It's so hard to tell if a man's  
married. Of course, a girl al-  
ways wears a ring on her finger.

DON:  
Whereas a man always wears one  
through his nose.

JEAN:  
(ignoring this)  
Not that there's anything wrong  
with marriage. Some of my best  
friends are married...

(he gives her a very  
peculiar look)  
They're all for it.  
(sighs)  
Of course, one shouldn't let  
marriage interfere with one's  
life, should one...?

DON:  
(logically)  
You mean - if you can be mar-  
ried and stay single, fine --  
but...

JEAN:  
(quickly)  
Well, yes -- yes, I guess that's  
what I do mean. You see, I'm  
not married, but I'm supposed  
to be. I don't mean I'm going  
to be, I just mean people think  
I am. That is, they should  
think I am. But I'm not. I  
must sound confused.

DON:  
(nodding)  
You do.

JEAN:  
(turning to him  
fervently)  
I wonder if you'd do me a big  
favor....

(CONTINUED)



39 (Cont.2)

JEAN: (Cont.)  
(blurting it out)  
Register with me at the  
Colonial Auto Court as my  
husband.

DON:  
(reacting)  
What??????

JEAN:  
(ignoring this -  
going on quickly)  
I can't tell you how import-  
ant it would be to me -- how  
important it would be to my  
father.....  
(Don is too stunned  
to answer)  
All you'll have to do is sign  
your name and stand around  
for a few minutes, and then  
you can leave. . .

DON:  
I - er -- I think I better  
just take in a movie . . .

JEAN:  
(quickly, impassioned)  
Oh, this is on the level -- if  
that's what you're afraid of.  
(very earnestly)  
You see, they only take married  
couples -- and I have to stay  
there tonight -- and, well, I  
told them I was married to a  
Lieutenant at the Camp, so I'd  
get the room.  
(quickly)  
I didn't even mean to do that.  
But it's the way it happened.  
You know how things -- happen,  
don't you?

DON:  
I'm beginning to suspect.

(CONTINUED)

39 (Cont.3)

JEAN:

Believe me, this is just so I can get  
some sleep. It's the only room in town.  
(near breaking point)  
I'm so tired my teeth hurt!

DON:

(nicely)  
I'd really like to help you --  
(hesitates; then  
is firm)  
-- but I can't. If my Commanding Officer  
ever found it out -- well, I have a  
promotion coming up, and . . .

JEAN:

Why would he find it out? Nobody needs  
to know anything about this except you  
and me. And you can forget it as soon  
as it's over.

DON:

Well, I'll admit it's the best offer  
I've had in quite some time . . .

JEAN:

(eagerly)  
Then you will?

DON:

(shaking his head)  
Not tonight. But look me up when I  
get out of uniform.

DISSOLVE TO:

40. EXT. COLONIAL AUTO COURT

LATE AFTERNOON

There is little change in its appearance, although several  
of the "open" garages between the cabins now contain cars,  
and evidently husbands are home for the night. Don's  
car drives INTO SCENE.

41. DON AND JEAN INT. DON'S CAR

as it pulls to a stop. Jean starts to get out.

JEAN:

(flatly)  
Well, thanks for the ride. I  
guess "chivalry's" just a high-  
blown phrase.

(CONTINUED)



41 (Cont.)

DON:

Don't go away mad . . .

JEAN:

Oh, I'm not mad. It just sort of --  
makes a girl lose her faith . . .

DON:

(getting out after her)

Wait a minute . . . !

42. FULL SHOT EXT. DON'S CAR

Mrs. Wingate now bustles into SHOT, Lucille at her heels,  
and pauses for a moment beside them.

MRS. WINGATE:

The nice little Army wife! And her  
husband! I was getting worried about  
you two!(to Lucille, indicating  
car)

Take the Lieutenant's car, Lucille.

(to Don and Jean  
hurriedly)I'll bring a registration card down to  
your cabin as soon as I get Mrs. Ortman  
out of the folding bed in number five!

She exits.

LUCILLE:

(to Don, indicating  
car)I'll just get it out of the driveway,  
General.He hops in the car before Don can protest, and drives  
it off, CAMERA WITH Don and Jean.

DON:

(to Jean, wryly)

Did you arrange all this in my  
absence?

JEAN:

I'm terribly sorry - I . . .

DON:

That's all right, sister. You win.

JEAN:

Oh, no -- no, I couldn't ask you to,  
now -- under the circumstances . . .

(CONTINUED)

DON:

But as you say, it's only for a few minutes . . .

JEAN:

I'd hate to think of you getting into trouble on account of me.

DON:

(smiling)

Don't worry. I'll watch out for myself.

He takes her arm, and they start down a path of the Court toward cabin, with CAMERA.

JEAN:

(with a little smile)

What's our name?

DON:

Mallory. Don Mallory.

JEAN:

I'm Jean Howard.

DON:

Glad to know you.

At this moment, CAPTAIN JACK ROSS hurries into SCENE, considerably preoccupied with a problem we will soon know concerns his pregnant wife.

ROSS:

(stopping Jean and Don)

I say, you don't by any chance happen to have an avocado on you? A nice big ripe one?

DON:

Not at the moment.

ROSS:

Milly has to have an avocado.

(with admiration)

She's been wonderful about the whole thing, and I think it's up to me to make her as comfortable as possible.

(with an apologetic grin)

I must sound like an awful fool, but when your wife's "that" way . . .

(extends hand to Don)

Ross is the name -- Jack Ross...

DON:

(taking it -

disconcerted)

H-h-how-do-you-do? Mine's Mallory -

(CONTINUED)



DON: (Cont.)

and this --

(indicates Jean)

-- this --

(swallows - then  
sees a way out)-- honey, this is Captain Ross....

Jean gives him a little fleeting smile as Don heaves a  
sigh of relief at having gotten around the spot.

ROSS:

I hope you like babies.

DON:

I can take 'em or leave 'em.

ROSS:

(prepares to exit)

Well, I'm off for that avocado!

(genially)

We'll be seeing you....

He exits, CAMERA WITH Don and Jean, who continue on to  
their cabin.

DON:

(mopping his head  
in relief from tension)

Whew!!!

In another step or two, they reach their cabin.

JEAN:

This is it.

She starts up steps, taking the key out of her purse.  
Don, and CAMERA, are slightly behind her.

DON:

Sometime, under other circumstances,  
perhaps we can sit down and you can  
explain this whole thing to me.

JEAN:

(unlocking door)

It's very simple, really. All you  
have to do is be able to understand  
it.

(the door opens  
and she steps back,  
indicating it)

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.2)

DON:

Don't wait for me to carry you  
over the threshold. I'm re-  
serving that thrill exclusively  
for my wife.

Flashing him a little look, she hurries into the cabin.  
And as he follows --

CUT TO:

43. FULL SHOT MANAGER'S CABIN AUTO COURT EARLY EVENING

INCLUDING a portion of walk which leads to other cabins.  
Colonel Otley is striding up to the manager's cabin as  
Lucille comes along walk, jotting something down in his  
little book.

LUCILLE:

Good evenin', General Otley.

OTLEY:

Lucille, I was looking for you.  
Something has to be done about  
the double bed in my cabin! Mrs.  
Otley and I would both much prefer  
twin beds!

(entreating)

And you promised, Lucille...

LUCILLE:

(blandly)

Yes, sir -- but my promises just  
ain't worth nothin'.

(gets an idea)

'Captin' there may be twin beds  
in number six.

OTLEY:

They won't do me any good in  
number six.

LUCILLE:

No, sir -- no, they won't. But a  
young General and his wife are just  
movin' in....

OTLEY:

Lucille, everyone in the Army isn't  
a general!

LUCILLE:

You'd be surprised how my tips've  
increased since I started callin'  
everyone General.

(CONTINUED)



C H A N G E S"Pillar to Post"

43 (Cont.)

LUCILLE: (Cont.)

(thinking this out)

Anyway, I don't suppose they'd  
mind changin' ....

OTLEY:

(fishes in pocket  
for coin)

You see to it that they don't mind,  
and I'll start taking down our bed  
right now...

LUCILLE:

(pocketing coin)

Yes, sir.

He exits. Otley turns, WITH CAMERA, and hurries back  
to his cabin #10, across from manager's.. As he starts  
up the steps --

44. INT. COLONEL OTLEY'S CABIN

EARLY EVENING

All the cabins in the court consist of a bedroom-sitting-  
room, a small kitchenette, and an even smaller bathroom.  
They are clean, new, attractively furnished -- but  
there is barely room in any of them to move around.  
KATE OTLEY, the Colonel's wife, is putting her hat on  
at the room's little dressing table. Otley enters  
happily, and almost automatically picks a big,  
luscious banana out of a bowl of fruit on a table, as  
he speaks.

OTLEY:

Well, we're going to get our twin  
beds, Kate. . . .

MRS. OTLEY:

(indicating banana)

Ah-ah . . .

OTLEY:

(pausing)

Fruit isn't fattening. . .!

MRS. OTLEY:

Eighty-seven calories in a banana, Michael.  
And if you want to reduce. . .

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

(firmly replacing  
banana in bowl)

I have to reduce! I'm not going to  
be left behind this time when my  
boys get shipped out!  
(proudly)

Taken off twenty-five pounds already!  
Weighed today!

MRS. OTLEY:

(nicely)

You'll make it, Michael. You've stuck  
to your diet better than I could have.  
And after all, you're a fine soldier. . .

OTLEY:

(smiling)

You may be prejudiced.

MRS. OTLEY:

(also smiles up at him)

Slightly.

(turns back to the  
veil on her hat)

What's this about the beds. . .!?

OTLEY:

A young officer and his wife are moving  
into number six. I baited Lucille's hook.  
(gingerly approaches beds  
to dismantle them)

MRS. OTLEY:

Newlyweds? Lovely! We'll have them  
to dinner. . .

OTLEY:

I didn't say they were newlyweds. I  
don't know anything about them. But I  
do know I'm going to get one good night's  
sleep during this war if it kills me!

MRS. OTLEY:

Now, don't get excited. Even anger's  
fattening. You know what the doctor  
told you -- it has something to do with  
your glands. . .

He nods, and starts to take the beds apart.

CUT TO:



45. JEAN INT. CABIN #6

EARLY EVENING

This is just like Otley's. Jean is sitting on one of the twin beds which almost completely fills the main room, looking through Clayfield's thin telephone book. Don wanders out of the little kitchenette, which he has apparently been inspecting.

DON:

Not a bad little place . . .

His eyes light on a radio -- the type in which you insert a coin to play a certain length of time. He reaches in his pocket for change.

DON:

(to Jean)

Got a quarter?

JEAN:

(from phone)

A quarter?

DON:

Yeh. Radio

(finds coin in his  
pocket)

Never mind. . .

He puts the coin in the radio. Jean has found her number, and is about to dial. At this moment, a KNOCK is HEARD on the door.

JEAN:

(calling)

Come in.

Lucille enters.

LUCILLE:

Everything all right?

DON:

(nothing is happening  
on the radio)

This doesn't work.

LUCILLE:

It's temperamental, General.  
Only works when it feels like  
it.

During this, Jean has been trying to get a line, now reacts curiously as we hear the indistinct babble of a woman's voice chattering away on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

JEAN:  
(to Lucille)  
Someone's on this phone, Lucille.

At this reference to the porter's name, Don reacts, and then looks Lucille over very curiously.

LUCILLE:  
There's always someone on it. It's a ten party line.

JEAN:  
A ten party line! Do you mean to tell me every cabin in this Court is connected to one telephone circuit?

LUCILLE:  
Yes, ma'am. When yours rings six times, you answer it.

JEAN:  
(hanging up phone)  
Six times! But it will be ringing constantly! How can anyone sleep?

LUCILLE:  
(turning toward beds)  
Oh, this ain't no place to sleep, ma'am. Everything here keeps you awake. Wait till the frogs start harmonizin' .....!

In the meanwhile, Don has idly opened a door and an ironing board has fallen out and clonked him on the head. He is in the complicated process of trying to put it back.

LUCILLE:  
(helpfully)  
That's the ironing-board.

DON:  
Thanks.

JEAN:  
(to Lucille starts to dismantle a bed)  
What are you doing?

LUCILLE:  
I have to take these beds down, ma'am.  
(starts on the headboard of one of them)

(CONTINUED)



JEAN:  
The beds? Why?

LUCILLE:  
Ah thought you'd like a double  
bed.

JEAN:  
Well, I don't!

LUCILLE:  
Sorry, but th' General down th'  
row has first call on these. An'  
I promised him he could exchange.

JEAN:  
(impatiently)  
Well, all right. But ask him to  
hold up his bed for a little  
while. I have a few things to do.

LUCILLE:  
Yes, ma'am -- but General Otley's  
one of our oldest and best customers...

DON:  
(reacting)  
General Otley?  
(swallows)  
You don't mean Colonel Otley, do  
you?

LUCILLE:  
Perhaps I do. Anyhow, he don't like  
to be kept waitin'!

He exits, CAMERA WITH Don and Jean.

DON:  
(hurriedly)  
Otley's my Commanding Officer! I  
have to get out of here before he  
sees me! You sign the registra-  
tion card for both of us, and make  
some excuse about me . . . !

JEAN:  
Well, I -- I guess I can do that,  
all right. Now that Mrs. Wingate's  
seen you. I'll tell her you had to  
go on another bivouac.  
(extends her hand)  
I'm sorry I put you out, Lieutenant  
Mallory.

DON:  
Oh, that's all right. I was coming  
into town anyway -- Miss Howard.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.2)

JEAN:

If you ever get to Los Angeles . . .

DON:

(fumbling with  
his cap)Sure . . .  
(smiles)And if you're ever back up this  
way again.

JEAN:

(nodding)

Of course.

DON:

Well -- er -- goodbye . . .

JEAN:

(sorry to see him go)

Goodbye.

DON:

(turns toward kitchenette,  
indicating back door with  
his thumb)Back way. If Otley sees me, I'm  
a dead duck.

With a grin and a little goodbye salute, he exits - closing kitchen door behind him. Jean looks after him thoughtfully for a moment, smiles wearily, looks at herself in the mirror of the room's small dressing-table, and then goes to phone again. When she picks it up, a torrent of female conversation flows over it. Grimly she hangs up and starts unpacking her small case.

CUT TO:

46. MOVING SHOT DON

sneaking behind the cabins. He reaches the last one and has to make a dash around it and across the courtyard of the motel to his car. He adjusts his jacket and his cap, straightens his shoulders, and steps jauntily and quickly down a narrow walk which runs along the side of the last cabin. As he comes parallel with the porch, the door opens and Otley and Lucille come out with part of the bed. Otley and Don see each other simultaneously.



47. EXT. OTLEY'S CABIN DON, OTLEY AND LUCILLE EARLY  
EVENING

Otley reacts with pleased surprise when he sees Don. Don wishes he were dead. The bed is a cumbersome and complicated item, with which Lucille and Otley are having a lot of trouble. During following scene, their effort to move it across porch and down the steps provides some amusing comedy.

OTLEY:  
Lieutenant Mallory....!

DON:  
(swallowing)  
Good evening - Colonel Otley...

OTLEY:  
What are you doing in our little court?

DON:  
Well - actually -- I was --  
(effort to be bright)  
-- just leaving.

OTLEY:  
Really? Well, before you go, would you give us a hand with this bed? I'm trading with a young married couple who just came in....  
(laughs at his own little joke)

LUCILLE:  
(to Otley - puzzled - indicating Don)  
He is th<sup>i</sup> young married couple who just came in.

OTLEY:  
What?

Don frantically signals Lucille to shut up.

DON:  
(to Colonel, trying to pass it over)  
I guess Lieutenants look pretty much alike.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

Yes, Lucille, you must be confused.  
 Lietuenant Mallry's a single man...

LUCILLE:

(muttering)

Well -- m -- ah . . .

OTLEY:

You take that end, Mallory.

As Don very reluctantly does so, not knowing how this  
 is going to end --

CUT TO:

48. JEAN AT PHONE INT. CABIN #6

She is just concluding her call to Slim.

JEAN:

(into phone)

Yes, Mr. Clarke. Just call Cabin  
 #6 from the manager's office, and  
 I'll come out.

(pause)

No, if you'll just call, I'll come  
 out . . .

(pause)

No, I -- I think I better come out. . .

She hangs up, looks at the phone and swallows, and  
 then turns back to her unpacking. But when she sees  
 her little case on the bed, she lets out a scream  
 and jumps backwards.

49. CLOSE SHOT OVERNIGHT CASE

and INTRODUCING CHLOE, a large female frog, who now  
 rests placidly on the top of Jean's lingerie, looking  
 up and croaking with throaty pleasure.

50. FULL SHOT JEAN INT. CABIN

With another yip, Jean turns to the door, and  
 rushes out.



51. EXT. CABIN

Jean comes out, and runs down the steps, as Otley, Don and Lucille come into SCENE down the walk, carrying the bed. Don attempts to blend with the shrubbery. Otley does not recognize Jean as the girl on the highway, although he will realize later that he has seen her some place before. She is in too much of a state to remember him.

JEAN:  
(to Lucille indicating  
cabin - hysterically)  
There's a -- a thing in there!!!!

OTLEY:  
My dear young woman .....

JEAN:  
A frog! A horrible, green,  
slimy.....!

LUCILLE:  
(placidly)  
Sounds like Chloe . . .

Exits into cabin. Jean trembles nervously. Otley tries to soothe her.

OTLEY:  
That's one thing you'll have  
to get used to around here,  
young lady -- the frogs.  
(amused)  
Lucille'll take care of it.  
(indicates bed)  
Now, if your husband has the  
beds down --  
(also indicates  
Don, who frantically  
tries to point out  
to Joan that this  
is his C.O.)  
-- the Lieutenant and I can set  
this one up.

JEAN:  
My hus --?  
(catches Don's  
signal)  
Oh -- oh, yes. Well, I --

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

JEAN: (Cont.)

I don't think it's quite ready  
yet. If you -- want to wait here --  
(looks at cabin  
with trepidation)  
-- I'll -- I'll see . . .

At this moment, Lucille fortuitously appears in doorway  
holding the frog.

LUCILLE:

It's Chloe, all right.  
(grins)

She sure gets a kick out of scarin'  
ladies!

(indicates Don)

But she'd have more respect for  
your husband.

OTLEY:

Your husband?

(still doesn't get it)

Oh, yes -- well, will you see if  
he's ready . . .?

JEAN:

I -- er . . .

OTLEY:

(to Lucille, indicating  
Jean's mythical husband  
inside cabin)

Perhaps you could help him out with  
the beds, and the Lieutenant and I  
can take this one in.

LUCILLE:

Help whom out?

OTLEY:

(patiently)

The gentleman inside, Lucille.

LUCILLE:

Th' gentleman inside's outside,  
General.

OTLEY:

(reacting)

What the devil are you talking  
about, Lucille?

(CONTINUED)



51 (Cont.1)

LUCILLE:

This mus' be a little joke on you,  
'cause --

(shrugs in Don's  
direction)

-- he sure enough's th' man --

(looks at Jean)

-- she came in with . . .

(puts frog down)

Run along, Chloe. An' stay out of  
mischief!

As frog hops away, Jean skirts him and starts to sneak into cabin, but Don catches her arm, stopping her. Lucille picks up parts of the bed and starts taking them into house, bringing out the twin beds during following scene, and causing considerable confusion.

OTLEY:

(to Don, very coldly)

So you are the young married couple?

(thin-lipped)

Very interesting! And three hours ago  
you were a single man! Is that right?

DON:

(gulping)

That's right.

OTLEY:

How do you explain this?

DON:

Well, you see sir -- sir . . .

OTLEY:

Stop "sirring" me, and get to the  
point!

DON:

(the words choke in  
his throat)

Well, I -- I -- that is . . .

OTLEY:

(his suspicions confirmed)

Mmmmm -- uhhhhmm!

(to Jean)

Perhaps you'd like to have a try  
at it, young lady?

JEAN:

(coolly)

Are you implying . . .?

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont. 2)

OTLEY:

(crisply)

I can't make it any plainer!

JEAN:

(icily)

I beg your pardon!

At this moment, Mrs. Wingate bustles through SHOT.

MRS. WINGATE:

(to Don and Jean,  
cheerily)I'll have that registration card  
here yet! Don't get impatient.  
(exits)

OTLEY:

(to Don)

Mmm! Not even registered, eh!

JEAN:

(to Otley, indig-  
nantly)

You know, I don't like your attitude.

DON:

(in anguish)

Jean, please! He's my Commanding  
Officer!

JEAN:

Well, he's not mine!

(to Otley)

I'm a tax-payer, and I won't be  
talked to that way by you or any-  
body else - in or out of uniform!  
Who's your Commanding Officer?

OTLEY:

(reacting)

My Commanding Officer....?

Don holds his head in horror.

52. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING MRS. OTLEY

who bustles up to them on the walk, drawing on her  
gloves, and obviously all ready to go out.

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael, what's the matter?

(CONTINUED)



52 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

Nothing! Nothing at all!

MRS. OTLEY:

(indicates Don and  
Jean)

Oh, are those the newlyweds . . . ?

OTLEY:

(crisply)

Kate, you go wait in the car.

MRS. OTLEY:

But what's the trouble. . . ?

JEAN:

(to Otley, as he  
hesitates)

Go on -- tell her!

DON:

(desperately)

Huh?

JEAN:

Your husband was just inferring that  
Lieutenant Mallory and I were . . .

OTLEY:

(retreating somewhat)

Young lady!

MRS. OTLEY:

(to Jean)

Lieutenant Mallory and you were what?

JEAN:

I don't know what. But it's a lie!

(she links her arm with  
Don's and faces Otley  
defiantly, while Don  
slowly dies)

We were married. This afternoon.

53. CLOSE SHOT JEAN'S LEFT HAND

behind her back. As she hastily moves the dinner ring  
around on her third finger, so that only the band is  
evident.

## 54. MED. FULL PRINCIPALS

as Jean extends her hand to them, showing them the ring.  
Don looks at it, and gulps.

JEAN:

You see!

MRS. MALLORY:

It's lovely . . .!

OTLEY:

(sputtering -- not quite  
knowing how to react)

Well -- well -- well, why didn't  
you say so, Don . . .?

DON:

I -- I -- I was trying to, sir . . .

JEAN:

We wanted to keep it a secret a  
little while . . .

MRS. OTLEY:

How romantic! And you spoiled  
it all, Michael!

OTLEY:

(shaking his head -- still  
slightly dazed -- trying to  
back-water)

Well, you certainly pulled one on  
the "old man", Don!

DON:

Yes, it -- looks as if I -- pulled  
one all around . . .

MRS. OTLEY:

(taking her husband's arm)

We must be running now, but we'll see  
you later. Oh, this is the most ex-  
citing thing that's ever happened to  
the Colonial Auto Court! An elope-  
ment....!

OTLEY:

(beaming on Don)

Young man -- I couldn't have done  
better . . .!

(pinches Jean's cheek)

A little spitfire, eh?

(now vaguely re-  
cognizes her)

(CONTINUED)



54 (Cont.)

OTLEY: Contd.

I could swear I've seen you some-  
place before . . .!

(as Jean and Don  
exchange glances)

Well, under the circumstances, you  
don't mind about the beds, do you?

JEAN:

Oh, no -- consider it my contribution  
to the war effort,

OTLEY:

(starts to turn away,  
then back)

Say, Don -- with you, we'll have another  
car in the pool. I'll ride down to the  
Camp with you in the morning. Seven  
o'clock.

DON:

(wretchedly)

I -- I'm due back tonight, Sir.

OTLEY:

What? On your wedding night!

I should say not!

(very genially)

I'm giving you a V.O.C.O. Don't  
forget! Seven A.M. sharp! Pick  
me up on your way out!

With further chuckles and ad-libbed goodnights, he and  
Mrs. Otley exit as Lucille, somewhat whipped from his  
skirmishes with the furniture, turns up, laden with  
parts of the twin beds.

LUCILLE:

Ah hope everybody's happy . . .

JEAN:

(to Don - who turns  
toward cabins)

Where're you going?

DON:

Inside - and hang myself on a  
light fixture.

He exits, Jean after him - CAMERA MOMENTARILY on Lucille,  
who looks after them grinning, and then starts to should-  
er bed parts --

DISSOLVE TO:

55. LONG SHOT COLONIAL AUTO COURT NIGHT  
CUT TO:

56. INT. CABIN #6 NIGHT

Don is pacing the floor, Jean is in the bathroom, finishing dressing. The door is very slightly ajar.

DON:  
We might have gotten out of this,  
if you had used your head!

JEAN:  
We were out of it! Until you turned  
up carrying a bed . . .!

DON:  
I turned up? You're the one who  
turned up -- screaming like a Piute  
Indian, because you'd seen a frog --  
a poor little insignificant frog!

Jean enters from bathroom, dressed but without complete  
makeup -- and crosses to dressing table.

JEAN:  
(as she goes)  
I not only saw a frog -- it practi-  
cally embraced me!

DON:  
You certainly fixed things up!

JEAN:  
I wish you'd stop blaming me  
for all this!

DON:  
And who should I blame? Whom?  
I suppose I suggested coming  
here as man and wife? I suppose  
I told my commanding officer we  
were married????

JEAN:  
No, I did -- just to get you out  
of a tight spot!

(CONTINUED)



56 (Cont.)

DON:

And what do you call what you got  
me into?

JEAN:

Did you expect me to stand there  
and be insulted?

DON:

Of course not. It's much simpler  
for me to be court-martialed!

JEAN:

(shrugging)

So you'd be court-martialed!  
What of it?

DON:

What of it? I'd be thrown out of  
the Service! That's what of it!

JEAN:

(idly)

There's always the Marines, the  
Navy, the Coast Guard . . .!

DON:

(with forced patience)

Apparently you don't understand,  
but a court-martial is a very serious  
matter. If the Army kicks you out,  
the Marines and the Navy and the Coast  
Guard don't like you.

JEAN:

(after a long  
pause)

I'm sorry, Lieutenant Mallory -- I  
don't know much about things like  
that. I -- I guess you never should  
have picked me up in the first place . . .

DON:

Well, I -- er -- well, you -- er --  
well, I did. You looked so darn  
forlorn . . .

JEAN:

I -- YES . . .

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont. 1)

DON:

Well, be that as it may -- we're stuck.  
And I'm hungry. If you'll finish your  
face, we'll eat . . .

JEAN:

Oh, I -- I'm sorry -- I have a date. . .

DON:

You have a what?

JEAN:

An engagement for the evening.  
I suppose I should have told  
you before . . .

DON:

(with affected  
lightness)

Oh no, no, no, no, no! We're  
each entitled to our private lives.  
I mean his private life.

(more seriously)

But I thought you were so tired your  
teeth hurt? That's why I'm doing all  
this!

JEAN:

I am tired. And I had to have the  
cabin. But business is business . . .

DON:

Business . . . ?

JEAN:

I sell oil well supplies.

DON:

Now I've heard everything!

JEAN:

He should be here any minute.

DON:

(with mounting  
indignation)

He? You mean a strange man is going  
to pick you up here?

JEAN:

There's nothing "strange" about him --  
he's quite attractive. A little taller  
than you -- wonderful pair of shoulders!

(CONTINUED)



56 (Cont.2)

DON:

And what am I supposed to do?  
Of course it's a small item,  
but it is my wedding night. How  
do you think this is going to  
look?

The phone starts to ring.

JEAN:

I -- I hadn't thought about that.

DON:

(with quiet irony)

Well, give it a try.

The phone stops ringing on the sixth ring. For a second  
they don't realize this, then Jean picks it up.

JEAN:

(into phone)

Hello -- oh, hello, Mr. Clarke . . .

(pause)

Yes -- I'll be right out . . .

(pause)

No, I'll come out . . .

(pause)

No, I'm sure it would be better if  
I came out . . .

She hangs up, and crosses room for her coat and hat.

JEAN:

Well -- goodbye . . .

DON:

Oh -- no. I'm coming with you.

JEAN:

Lieutenant Mallory . . .!

DON:

Miss Howard, let's get this straight.  
Every Army wife in this Auto Court  
will be peeking through a venetian  
blind at you going out with some other  
man! It's going to be tough enough  
answering questions, as it is! That  
one, I won't answer!

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.3)

JEAN:

But you -- you can't . . . !

DON:

Oh, but I can. I'm your husband.  
And until we find a way out of this,  
we are married.

(takes her arm  
firmly)

Come on. I want to get a load of  
those shoulders!

Jean realizes from his tone that this is his round.  
She turns and exits, and as he follows -

WIPE TO:

57. EXT. MANAGER'S CABIN AND ENTRANCE  
COLONIAL MOTOR COURT

NIGHT

Slim Clarke stands beside his car, looking up at the  
sky and whistling. The car is a convertible with the  
top down. Jean, followed by Don, comes INTO SCENE  
down the walk.

SLIM:

Ah -- hello.....!

JEAN:

(nicely)

Good evening.

There is a moment's awkward pause, as the two men come  
face to face. As Slim and Jean have met, Don has  
measured Slim's shoulders with his eyes, and also tried  
to look at his own for comparison.

JEAN:

(to Slim - indicating  
Don)

This is -- this is -- Don Mallory . . .

SLIM:

(nodding - impersonally)

Hello, Don Mallory.

JEAN:

(to Don - indicating Slim)

Don, this is Slim Clarke.

DON:

Hello, Slim Clarke.

(CONTINUED)



57 (Cont.)

JEAN:  
(brightly - to Slim)  
Your car?

SLIM:  
Yes.  
(to Don)  
Well, nice to have met you. We're  
off to hear Louis Armstrong. At  
the Tavern.

DON:  
(blithely)  
Oh, I'm coming with you.

SLIM:  
(to Jean)  
Huh?

JEAN:  
He's my -- er -- he's my husband....  
(brightly)  
But we don't need to pay any attention  
to him.

SLIM:  
(reacting)  
Your husband? You didn't tell me  
you were married.

JEAN:  
I wasn't. I mean -- you didn't  
ask me...

DON:  
She always forgets the little things.  
(with an innuendo)  
But after all, it is only a little  
business engagement, isn't it?

JEAN:  
(shortly)  
Of course.

DON:  
(to Slim)  
What I don't get into - married to  
an oil well supply salesman!

JEAN:  
(indicates car - tries  
to be bright again)  
Well, are we off?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

SLIM:

I think we're way off, lady.

Jean ignores this and gets in car. Very blithely, Don hops in beside her. Flashing them both rather grim looks, Slim puts his hat on, gets in and car starts away, CAMERA HOLDING on Lucille, who has stepped into SCENE, and who looks after them, puzzled, and then makes a note in his little black book.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. FULL SHOT A SIGN

NIGHT

which reads:

THE TAVERN

LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
and his  
ORCHESTRA

OVER THIS we HEAR Armstrong's orchestra playing a number, and CAMERA PANS from sign to --

59. EXT. THE TAVERN

NIGHT

This is an attractive roadside inn, on the outskirts of Clayfield. It is obviously popular with the Clayfield natives, and the boys at the Army Camp. Armstrong's band is apparently doing a series of one-night stands near Army Posts, and tonight has drawn a large crowd to The Tavern. The scene is colorful and festive. CAMERA EXPLORES Ext. of Tavern, and then MOVES THROUGH an open window to --

60. CLOSE SHOT ARMSTRONG

leading his band. We follow with Director's PICKUP SHOTS of Armstrong, band and vocalist, as number continues. CAMERA also EXPLORES the Int. of The Tavern during number, and at the end of it, finally comes to --

61. JEAN, DON AND SLIM

In a booth near the dance floor. They are eating supper and drinking beer. A Clayfield waitress comes and goes. Jean and Slim sit side by side, Don opposite them. Jean

(CONTINUED)



61 (Cont.)

is in the middle of a sales talk which is not what Slim came to hear at all. Don gets this and watches with quiet amusement, which slowly turns to a sort of mild jealousy.

JEAN:

Oh, I know the advantages of T&C, but when you can save so much money with integral, it seems kind of silly not to use it. Doesn't it?

SLIM:

You've a point there.

DON:

Yeh, I guess you have.

The two men exchange looks. Jean continues.

JEAN: (Cont.)

Far be it from me to malign a competitor, but you and I know the Foster outfit. Give them your order, and it won't be on the rack for a week . . . !

SLIM:

You may be right.

DON:

Yeh, you may be.

The two men again exchange looks.

JEAN:

This is an important order for you, Mr. Clarke, and I'd --

(puts her hand  
on his arm)

-- hate to see you make a mistake . . .

DON:

(to Jean)

I'd hate to see you make a mistake.

He reaches over and calmly takes her hand off Clarke's arm, but before this results in anything, a blousy little blonde bounces by, sees Don, and reacts happily. Her name is LOOLIE FISHER.

LOOLIE:

Bay-beeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!

Don also reacts, none too happily, but when he sees Jean stop her sentence in mid-stream and notices her start to bristle, he plays up to Loolie for all it's

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.1)

worth. Loolie moves right in.

LOOLIE:

(prattling away -  
as she sits down)

Where've you been??? I was saying  
to myself today -- "Loolie Fisher,  
what has happened to that heavenly  
Lieutenant Mallory.....!!!"

Jean bristles more at this, while Don grins and intro-  
duces Loolie.

DON:

Loolie -- this is --

(reverses intro-  
duction to avoid  
presenting Jean as  
his wife)

-- Jean -- this is Loolie --

(indicates Slim)

-- and Mr. Clarke -- Loolie Fisher.

Loolie completely ignores Jean, but turns all her charm  
on Slim.

LOOLIE:

The Mr. Clarke?

DON:

(before Slim can answer)

A Mr. Clarke.

LOOLIE:

(to Don - overflowing)

Since I saw you, I've been to Hollywood!  
And what a town! My girl friend - you  
remember Edna --

JEAN:

Good old Edna.

Jean's reactions to Loolie are greatly amusing Don.

LOOLIE:

(glances at Jean -  
then continues)

-- well, she and I went down together  
and we hadn't been there more than ten  
minutes before we ran into some old  
friends of the family! And both sailors!

JEAN:

(to Slim)

Shall we dance?

(CONTINUED)



61 (Cont.2)

She slides out of booth, Slim following.

LOOLIE:

(to Slim)

Oh, don't let me break things up!

JEAN:

We won't.

Loolie now bestows on Jean a look -- and a sentence.

LOOLIE:

That's a cute dress, dearie. Too  
bad it isn't more your color.

With this, she turns back to Don. Burning, Jean heads  
for the dance floor, Slim in tow -- WITH CAMERA.

62. MOVING SHOT JEAN AND SLIM

as they start to dance. INTERCUT following sequence  
with PICKUP SHOTS of band.

SLIM:

That's quite a dish your old  
man picked up.

JEAN:

(pulling her eyes  
away from Don and  
Loolie in booth)

Hmmmm? Oh - oh, yes. I can't  
imagine where he knew her.

SLIM:

I can.

They dance a moment in silence.

SLIM:

Married long?

JEAN:

No -- er -- no.

SLIM:

Sure had me fooled.....

JEAN:

I'm sorry. It never occurred to  
me that -- well, that.....

SLIM:

It occurred to me.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

JEAN:

After all, you asked me to have dinner with you because your landlady's sixty-five, and not your type. My marital status had nothing to do with it.

SLIM:

(indicating something o.s.)  
Your marital status apparently has nothing to do with that, either.

As Jean looks --

## 63. ANOTHER ANGLE DANCE FLOOR

Don and Loolie have come out from booth and are starting to dance.

LOOLIE:

What was his name again?

DON:

Who?

LOOLIE:

(indicating Slim with  
a bob of her head)  
That gorgeous hunk . . .

DON:

Oh -- Slim. Slim Clarke.

LOOLIE:

Who's the mess with him?

DON:

Jean?

LOOLIE:

I don't know what there is about me, but I just like men so much better than women! They're just so much more -- you-know.....

DON:

(looking her over)  
Funny about me -- I like blondes -- little ones -- in red dresses . . .

LOOLIE:

Do you?

(reminiscing)  
I'll never forget the night we met.

(CONTINUED)



63 (Cont.)

LOOLIE:(Cont.)

You had the car radio on. It was so romantic! Then I finished washing off your windshield, and you paid me for the gas - and went.....

(sighs)

I've met some of the most wonderful people on the Ethyl pump.....!

At this point a big, lumbering drunk ambles up to them on the floor and pushes them apart. His name is JOE, and he apparently works in the oil fields. Also, Loolie apparently is his date for the evening. He is very belligerent and very high.

JOE:

Say, what's th' idea, Loolie! I thought you was just goin' t' -- I thought you was just goin' - an' comin' right back.

LOOLIE:

(irritated)

I was on my way back -- when I met Lieutenant Mallory.

(coolly)

He's an old friend of the family.

JOE:

(reeling - as he looks  
Don up and down)

Yeh? Well, your family's got too many old friends for me!

(gives Don a shove)

Scram, ya one-star wonder!

Don tries to ignore this, but not Loolie.

LOOLIE:

Joe, you can't push on Army officer around!

64. TWO SHOT JEAN AND SLIM

They have paused in their dancing, while Slim indicates Joe o.s.

SLIM:

Oh-oh- trouble! Big Joe's dynamite when he gets loaded. I know him.

## 65. FULL SHOT DON, LOOLIE AND JOE

on dance floor. A curious little crowd has collected around them. Don is quietly and politely trying to maneuver himself out of a bad spot, but Joe won't have it.

JOE:

Jus' because you're an officer in th' Army don't mean you can take my dame an' get away with it.

LOOLIE:

(to Don)

The only thing to do when he's like this is knock him out. Go on - hit him. Break his jaw....

DON:

(to Loolie)

I'm sorry -- I'm in uniform.

(to Joe - politely)

I think you've had one beer too many. How about a little fresh air?

JOE:

Fresh air nothin'! You know what I do to guys like you -- tear 'em up an' throw 'em away!

With this, he grabs Don by the lapels of his coat and is about to land one on his chin, when Slim and Jean shove through crowd and Slim pushes in between Big Joe and Don.

SLIM:

(to Don - lightly)

I'll take it from here.....

DON:

Thanks, old man -- but I can handle him myself.

JOE:

(blearily looking at both men)

I get choices!

SLIM:

(to Don)

You might get dirty, sweetheart. See? -- It's simple.

(CONTINUED)



65 (Cont.)

He doubles up his fist and hauls off to cool Big Joe. Big Joe, however, is not so far gone that he can't duck, and as he does so, Slim's blow lands on Don's chin and sends him sprawling.

66. CLOSE SHOT JEAN

- as she reacts, horror-struck.

67. MED. FULL PRINCIPALS

- crowd in b.g. Slim gulps, looking from his fist to Don and back again. Big Joe reacts, stepping up to Slim belligerently.

JOE:

Hey, what's th' idea -- hittin'  
an officer of the United States  
Army! Sabotage, what's what it  
is! Sabotage!

He now slugs Slim, and Slim goes down. Loolie proudly takes Big Joe's arm and goes off with him, leaving Jean looking forlornly at her two men, both knocked out cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART II TO FOLLOW

8/28/44

61a.

67a. EXT. COLONIAL AUTO COURT

NIGHT

It is quiet and serene -- except for Mrs. Otley, who bustles toward her cabin from another, carrying a dish of oranges. CAMERA PICKS her UP and GOES with her toward her cabin.

67b. INT. OTLEY'S CABIN

NIGHT

The living room is empty as she hurries in, calling her husband.

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael -- Michael ....!

67c. INT. KITCHENETTE OTLEY CABIN

Colonel Otley, in a robe and pajamas, is surveying the ice-box, as Mrs. Otley sticks her head in around the door.

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael Otley, you're only cheating yourself. . .!

OTLEY:

Oh no, my dear,

(indicates contents  
of ice-box)

A custard pie -- half a cold lamb --  
ice-box cookies. . .!

(shakes his head,  
and withdraws a lone  
stalk of celery from box)

This is for me!

(bites it without  
relish)

I've discovered the secret in dieting.  
Never eat anything you like.

Mrs. Otley laughs, and turns back into the living room.  
He closes ice-box door, and follows.

67d. INT. LIVING ROOM OTLEY CABIN

- as they enter. Mrs. Otley has set the dish of oranges down, and is freshening up her appearance at the mirror.

(CONTINUED)



67d (Cont.)

MRS. OTLEY:

(indicating dish)

I borrowed oranges from all the girls,  
and I'm taking them down to that  
sweet little bride for a surprise!

OTLEY:

I still say I've seen her someplace  
before. I wish I could remember where.

MRS. OTLEY:

You couldn't have. She just arrived  
today -- Mrs. Wingate said so. She  
even had to go out to the camp to get  
him.

(sighs romantically)

It takes me back thirty years! Do you  
remember the first time I went out to  
camp to get you?

OTLEY:

Every little thing about it. Even what  
you were wearing. Even how you smelled. . .

MRS. OTLEY:

It was called "White Narcissus". Quite  
the rage in 1914. . .

OTLEY:

(chuckling in  
reminiscence)

And the ride back in that buggy.  
Remember the horse?

(as he remembers  
the horse)

That dam . . .!

MRS. OTLEY:

I don't remember the horse as much as  
I remember the ditch. But -- it was  
the first time you -- ever kissed me --  
and you'd had plenty of other opportunities. . .!

OTLEY:

(twinkling)

I thought I'd keep you dangling  
for a while. . .

MRS. OTLEY:

(mildly protesting)

Michael. . .!

(CONTINUED)

8/28/44  
62.

67d (Cont. 1)

As they laugh together, in a pleasant affectionate scene

--

CUT TO:

68. EXT. AUTO COURT

NIGHT

- as Slim's car pulls in from highway.

69. INT. SLIM'S CAR

JEAN, DON AND SLIM

NIGHT

- as it comes to a stop. Both men are ruefully nursing  
bruised chins, which are beginning to swell.

DON:

(gets out of car)

Well, thanks for the pleasant  
evening, Clarke.

(rubs chin ruefully)

I'll try to do as much for you, sometime.

(takes Jean's arm)

Say goodnight to your friend -- dear. . .

JEAN:

You go on. Mr. Clarke and I want  
to talk.

DON:

Isn't it a little late for that sort  
of thing?

(CONTINUED)



8/15/44  
62a.

69 (Cont.)

JEAN:

We haven't closed the deal, yet . . .

DON:

I think the deal better wait.

(to Slim, crisply)

This may not be the ideal marriage,  
but we're trying to preserve an illusion.  
Good night.

(to Jean)

Come on . . . !

JEAN:

(protesting, as  
he literally drags  
her out of car)

Just a minute! Who do you think  
I am!

DON:

(to her, sotto  
voce)

My wife.

(steps aside slightly,  
but gives her a little  
push)

After you, Mrs. Mallory. Cabin #6.  
Be it ever so humble . . .

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

She flashes him a look, realizes he means business, and calls over her shoulder to Slim.

JEAN:

Call me in the morning...!

DON:

(to Slim)

Any time after seven. I leave at seven.

As he exits after Jean, Slim reacting puzzled --

CUT TO:

70. INT. CABIN #6

NIGHT

as Don and Jean enter.

JEAN:

(switching on the light)

I suppose this is your idea of a joke!

DON:

This is my idea of a bad dream. Any moment I expect to wake up and discover you were something I ate out of season!

He crosses and pulls down the shade.

JEAN:

What're you doing?

DON:

Pulling down the shade. See?  
(demonstrates)  
Simple.

JEAN:

Just a minute! You don't think you're staying here tonight, do you?

DON:

I certainly do.

JEAN:

But you -- you -- you can't!!!

(CONTINUED)



70 (Cont.)

DON:

My Commanding Officer expects to see me here at seven in the morning -- remember?

JEAN:

(flaring)

And I expect you to be out of that door in one minute flat! I -- I --

DON:

(sitting down on bed,  
taking off shoes)

Now, easy does it, Mrs. Mallory.

His shoes off, he now rises and starts to take a blanket off the bed, but is interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. They look at each other.

JEAN:

Someone's knocking!

DON:

Apparently.

JEAN:

Who is it?

DON:

I never could see through wood paneling. Weak eyes.

The KNOCK is repeated again. Jean tosses Don another look, crosses and opens door.

71. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING MRS. OTLEY

in doorway. She carries a little dish of fruit. She looks beyond Jean toward Don, who was preparing to take off his shirt, and now tries to retreat behind thin air, seeing the wife of his C.O., and hoping to disguise his swollen chin.

MRS. OTLEY:

(brightly)

I do hope I'm not intruding...

DON:

Oh -- not at all. We were --

(clears throat)

-- just sitting around talking.

(to Jean)

Weren't we -- dear?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

JEAN:

(flatly)

We certainly were.

MRS. OTLEY:

(handing Jean dish)

I thought perhaps you hadn't had  
a chance to get things for break-  
fast. And -- well, an orange does  
help start the day off, doesn't  
it?

DON:

Yes, it does --

(to Jean)

-- doesn't it?

JEAN:

(in same tone as  
above)

It certainly does.

MRS. OTLEY:

(gaily)

It wasn't too long ago that I was a  
bride myself! And I remember what  
an appetite the Colonel had!

(sighs)

But then, we women are sentimental  
fools...

JEAN:

(again)

We certainly are.

MRS. OTLEY:

Well, love plays the bugler, Mrs.  
Mallory! I won't keep you any  
longer. Goodnight....

She exits, Jean closing the door behind her, thankfully.  
Don is continuing to remove the blankets from the bed.

DON:

Well, you could have been more  
civil.

(mimics her tone)

You certainly could.(hands her a bunch  
of blankets)

Here.

(as she reacts,  
not comprehending)

Blankets. You'll need them to keep  
warm...

(CONTINUED)



71 (Cont.1)

JEAN:

I'll need them on the bed. I'm  
not going to sleep standing up!

DON:

I'm using the bed!

JEAN:

You're what?

(he calmly starts  
to take off his  
shirt)

Hey -- whoa -- wait a minute....!

DON:

(casually)

The shades are down.

(dismisses her  
with a polite  
nod)

Goodnight.

JEAN:

Goodnight?

(icily)

Am I to understand that you're kick-  
ing me out?

DON:

That's putting it a little strongly.

JEAN:

After all, this is my cabin....!

DON:

(correcting her)

This is our cabin.

JEAN:

And what are your plans for me?

DON:

There's the bathroom. Or the kitchen.  
Two chairs together isn't a bad  
arrangement.

JEAN:

Of all the ill-bred, uncivil....!

DON:

Look, sister -- my chin hurts. My  
eye hurts. I have twenty-four hours  
of solid explanation ahead of me,  
to get out of this mess, and I need  
my sleep!

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.2)

JEAN:

Well, I would like to say, here and now,  
that you would not be my choice to spend  
with on a desert island with -- on!

He now takes his shirt off, a torrent of indignant words choking in Jean's mouth, before she turns -- completely unable to get any of them out -- and storms into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. The bang of this sends the window shade up with a snap, and Don crosses, pulls it down again, looks toward the kitchen with a little smile, and starts to continue undressing. This is interrupted, however, by the kitchen door opening, and Jean sticking her hand in.

DON:

What am I supposed to do, kiss it?

JEAN'S VOICE:

(very curtly)

Just hand me my things.

With another amused smile, he slowly and methodically hands her her little overnight case, and a few articles of lingerie.

CUT TO:

72. JEAN INT. KITCHEN

as she retrieves all of these, and closes the door again, locking it firmly. She puts her clothes down on the top of the stove, and looks around to see what can be done with the blankets. Finally, using his suggestions, she puts two chairs together in the middle of the room, and grimly starts to arrange a makeshift bed.

CUT TO:

73. OMITTED

74. DON INT. LIVING ROOM

He is now in his shorts, an upper, and socks, and goes into the bathroom, closing the door partially, and starting to splash his face with water. As he does so, we HEAR a little KNOCK on the kitchen door, the key is turned, Jean looks around door, sees that room is empty, and enters, crossing quickly to the bed and taking a

(CONTINUED)



74 (Cont.)

pillow off it. On second thought, she takes both pillows, and hurries back into the kitchen, locking the door behind her again, as Don comes out of the bathroom, finishing wiping his face with a towel. He goes to the window, opens it, and gets into the bed, switching out the lights above it, and lying down. Moonlight, flooding in from window, lights SCENE. Now, for the first time, he is aware that the pillows are gone, and we follow with a very short routine in which he looks for them, and then tries to make himself comfortable without them. As this finishes, there is another KNOCK on the kitchen door.

(CONTINUED)

75. JEAN ON OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

She has on one of the new short nightgowns, and looks very small and very young and quite silly.

JEAN:

If you're in bed, I'd like to pass through . . .

DON'S VOICE:

Pass through what?

JEAN:

Your room.

CUT TO:

76. DON IN BED

DON:

Come right ahead. I'm sound asleep.

The key turns in the door, and Jean enters. The light from the kitchen, through the open door, is added to the SCENE'S illumination, as she hurries into bathroom.

DON:

(sitting up, curiously  
and reacting to her  
outfit)

What in the world is that?

JEAN:

(at bathroom door)

If you don't mind, I'd like to brush my teeth.

DON:

Is that a special outfit for brushing teeth in?

JEAN:

It's the latest thing in nightgowns!  
(she enters bathroom,  
closing and locking  
door behind her)

DON:

(settling down in bed)  
I suppose it gives you more freedom?

(CONTINUED)



76 (Cont.)

JEAN'S VOICE:

(from bathroom)

That's what we're fighting for,  
isn't it?

77. CLOSE SHOT RADIO

warming up, as Don tries to make himself comfortable  
in the bed in b.g.

78. MED. SHOT DON

He finally gets settled, but now the radio comes on with  
a roar, playing the number played by Armstrong at the  
Tavern. Don sits up, startled, and looks around to see  
where the music's coming from. Finally, he locates radio,  
gets out of bed wrapping a blanket around himself, and  
tries to turn it off. The radio, however, cannot be turned  
off until it has played twenty-five cents worth. He stoops  
down, and exasperatedly starts hitting it to make it stop.  
And, at this point, the ironing-board falls down behind him,  
cracking him on the head. This blow sends him sprawling  
over a chair, and he hits the floor with a crash. Jean  
sticks her head around the bathroom door, looking out  
curiously.

JEAN:

Isn't it a little late for the radio?

(sees his plight,  
hurries to him, and  
helps him up)

Oh, Lieutenant -- here . . . !

(Don gets back into  
bed, groggily, with  
her assistance)

You'd think an Army man could hold  
two small beers better than this!

(Don doesn't answer;  
Jean gives the radio  
a gentle little tap and  
it goes right off)

What're you doing with the ironing-board?

DON:

(from bed, grimly)

Playing with it. I always play with  
an ironing-board for a little while  
before I go to sleep.

(CONTINUED)



78 (Cont.)

JEAN:

Well, you just lie here quietly all night, and perhaps nothing else will happen to you.

DON:

(turning over)

Nothing else can happen to me!

Jean exits into kitchen.

79. JEAN INT. KITCHEN

as she enters, locking the door behind her. Her indignation with Don, however, slowly melts to a sort of pity as she thinks over his situation. She finishes arranging the blankets on the chairs, and is about to get into them, when a staccato pounding indicates the small electric refrigerator has gone on. This gives her an idea, and she opens the refrigerator, and starts to take out an ice-tray. It is hopelessly stuck. After several efforts to pry it loose, she finds a hammer in a kitchen drawer, and starts in with it.

CUT TO:

80. DON IN BED

Violent hammering from the kitchen comes OVER SHOT, each blow throbbing through Don's bruised chin and cracked temple. He winces, turns over, reacts unhappily at the next blow, tries to cover his head with the pillow but there is no pillow, etc. Finally, there is a merciful silence. He relaxes, sighs, assumes a more comfortable position. But then the pounding is resumed -- this time a different pounding, staccato, regular. Again Don suffers in agony with each blow, but finally this, too, stops, and Jean enters from kitchen, with some ice cubes she has wrapped in a dish cloth.

DON:

Miss Howard, what in the name of heaven are you doing?

JEAN:

Something for you.

(slaps the cloth full  
of ice flat on his face)

Here! Cracked ice for your chin!

I don't want people to think I hit you!

She exits quickly, CAMERA momentarily ON Don, trying to arrange the ice-pack.



81. JEAN INT. KITCHEN

She enters, locks the door behind her, takes off her slippers, and slides into her makeshift bed. This is a decidedly complicated process, but at last it is achieved. However, just before she relaxes for the night, she realizes she has left the light on. She now struggles up out of the blankets, turns off light, and starts to slide back in again. Moonlight now floods the kitchenette through a small window. The shifting around of the blankets, however, has altered their carefully prepared balance, and as she gets back a second time, the whole thing collapses -- and she is deposited in a heap on the floor.

82. MED. SHOT DON IN BED NIGHT

DON:

What happened -- dear . . . ?

JEAN'S VOICE:

A mouse tripped.

Don gets painfully out of bed, wraps a blanket around himself again, and goes to door, opening it (in spite of the fact that it is supposed to be locked from other side) and reacting to what he sees in kitchen.

83. MED. SHOT JEAN FROM HIS ANGLE

- hopelessly entangled in the mess of blankets on the floor, and looking up at him grimly.

84. MED. FULL DON AND JEAN

DON:

(softening)

I -- I'm afraid you're not very comfortable....

JEAN:

(drily - tapping  
floor beside her)

Oh, that's all right. It's soft pine.

DON:

(nicely - leaning down)

Here -- let me help you....

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

JEAN:

(retreating into  
blankets)Oh no, Lieutenant! Mother told  
me how that one ends.....!

At this moment, the kitchenette and its occupants are bathed in the wide arc of headlights, as a car turns in past the window. Jean and Don look toward the window curiously, commotion beyond it indicating that the car is parking between the cabins and its occupants are getting out.

85. MED. SHOT WINDOW OF ROOM FROM THEIR ANGLE

The child, Wilbur, peers inquisitively in, his eyes widen at what he sees, and he calls over his shoulder.

WILBUR:

Hey, mom -- they're playing Indian!

86. FULL SHOT KITCHENETTE

Don opens his mouth, puts his hand to it and emits a long and loud Indian war-whoop. The child disappears, screaming.

DON:

Wonderful thing, children!  
Ever try feeding 'em into an  
electric fan?

(describes how this  
could be done)

A woman's irritating voice bleats OVER SCENE, and as they again turn toward window, with CAMERA, Wilbur's mother peers in at them indignantly.

WOMAN:

What do you mean by scaring Wilbur?  
He's a high-strung child! He  
probably won't sleep all night!

JEAN:

That gives me and Wilbur something  
in common.

WOMAN:

(suspiciously)

You and Wilbur! What do you mean?  
What do you mean by that remark?

(CONTINUED)



86 (Cont.)

DON:

(sharply)

You keep Wilbur away from other  
 peoples' windows, lady, or he'll  
 get his ears pinned back.

JEAN:

(as the woman opens  
 her mouth to protest)

Yes, madam, as they say -- go  
 milk a cocoanut!

The woman leaves the window.

87. MED. SHOT DON AND JEAN

exchanging looks again, and then breaking down and laughing  
 in mutual amusement.

DON:

Twenty years from now we'll look  
 back at this and it'll seem funny.

JEAN:

(rubbing her fanny,  
 ruefully)

If we live through it.

DON:

Anyway, I've made one discovery.  
 You look swell, wrapped in a blanket . . .

JEAN:

This old thing? I've had it for years!

DON:

Maybe it's the moonlight . . .

JEAN:

(reacts emotionally,  
 in spite of herself)

I -- I think we better leave the  
 moonlight out of this . . .

DON:

(quietly, after  
 a little pause)

Miss Howard . . .

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

JEAN:

Mmmmmmmmm?

DON:

You take the bed.

JEAN:

Oh, no -- I . . .

DON:

(nodding)

I was out to teach you a lesson --  
but it looks like the joke's on me . . .

The little ice-pack he has been holding now starts to leak, and he turns to sink with it, squeezing it out. During this, and following dialogue, Jean surreptitiously snatches the pillows out of the pile of blankets, and tosses them into the living-room, behind the door, and out of sight.

JEAN:

But you've had a strenuous day,  
and -- well two chairs aren't . . .

(her voice trails  
away; she wants the  
bed)

DON:

(interrupting)

Two chairs are swell!

(turns from sink)

In the Army you learn to sleep anyplace . . .

(he stops, now;

Jean is a very  
pretty picture in  
the doorway)

JEAN:

It's very nice of you. Good night . . .

DON:

(swallows)

Good night -- and -- er --

(takes a step  
toward her)

-- good night . . .

JEAN:

Good night . . .

(CONTINUED)



87 (Cont.1)

DON:  
 (nods, smiles)  
 Good night . . .

During this final "good night", Jean closes the door on him. He stands looking after her for a moment with a mixture of emotions.

88. MED. SHOT JEAN

on other side of door. She, too, has felt the same emotions -- and now, the door closed behind her, she leans against it for a moment, thoughtful, happy, a little breathless. Then she regains control of herself, and very decidedly turns the key in the lock. After doing this, she starts from the door to the bed, with pillows, but even before she reaches it, the door is opened behind her, and Don sticks his head in.

DON:  
 Good night . . .

JEAN:  
 (startled)  
 Good night . . .

He withdraws his head, closing the door. Jean reacts, stepping to it, turning the key, trying the knob. It opens.

89. MED. SHOT DON IN KITCHEN

DON:  
 What's the matter?

JEAN:  
 (in doorway)  
 This lock's broken . . .

DON:  
 (grinning)  
 I know . . .

JEAN:  
 But -- er -- we . . .

DON:  
 (nicely)  
 Don't worry, Miss Howard. For registering as your husband, I just get court-martialed. For

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

DON: (Cont.)

anything more colorful, they make  
with the firing squad.

JEAN:

Well -- good night . . .

DON:

Good night . . .

Jean closes the door again, CAMERA ON Don, who turns to the  
job of arranging the blankets, but is interrupted by the  
door again opening, and Jean's hand extending out.

JEAN:

Do you mind . . . ?

DON:

Not at all.

He kisses her hand.

JEAN'S VOICE:

(coolly)

My -- things, Lieutenant . . .

DON:

(grinning)

Yes -- I know.

He hands her back her bag and her clothes, slowly and  
deftly. As he does this, the telephone starts RINGING in  
the other room. Jean closes the door again, and Don fixes  
the blankets quickly, and starts to get in with equal  
difficulty.

CUT TO:

90. JEAN INT. LIVING ROOM

She is sitting on the bed, counting the rings of the phone.  
It seems to pause momentarily on six, and she is about to  
answer, when it continues ringing. With a disgusted sigh,  
she slips into bed, and switches off the light, the phone  
still ringing.

CUT TO:



## 91. DON IN KITCHEN

He is getting completely set in the blankets, when he sees that he, too, has left the light on. With considerable effort, he reaches up and manages to turn it off without upsetting his makeshift bed. Now, however, he discovers other annoyances. The icebox goes on with a bang, the door swinging open and the little light blinding him. The little improvised ice-pack springs a leak, and ice water is slowly beginning to run down his neck. He squirms, wriggles, shivers, and in the tussle with the ice-pack, the precarious balance of the chairs and blankets is upset, and he crashes to the floor.

JEAN'S VOICE:

You all right?

DON:

(surveying the  
mess on the floor)

Perfect!

Finally, with a disgusted sigh, he gathers up all the blankets and storms out of the back door, to sleep on the good solid ground all night. As the door slams behind him, we HEAR another crash, and now go to--

## 92. JEAN INT. LIVING ROOM

The slamming of the back door, has collapsed the bed, and once again she has been dumped unceremoniously on the floor. In the midst of the confusion, the phone starts RINGING again and the radio lights up and begins to play - "Whatcha Say?"

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

93. CLOSE SHOT CHLOE THE FRONG DAY

placidly sitting and watching something.

93A. WIDER ANGLE INCLUDING DON

asleep in his makeshift blanket-roll, under a tree behind the cabin. Chloe is planted very close to his face and is apparently quite fascinated with it. Don turns, yawns, scratches a mosquito bite on his neck and slowly opens his eyes. He sees Chloe, yawns again, scratches bite again, closes his eyes. Then he opens them with a start, in a delayed take. At this moment, someone is HEARD blowing "Reveille" above SHOT, and Don leaps up out of the blankets, cracking his head on a low branch of the tree. Rubbing the bump unhappily, clutching the trailing blankets around him and scratching himself, he hurries toward the cabin.

CUT TO:

94. EXT. MANAGER'S CABIN DAY

Lucille is on the front steps blowing "Reveille" on a bugle. As he finishes, Captain Jack Ross strides in from the motor court, happily brandishing a paper bag.

ROSS:

(to Lucille)

Two for a quarter! The best I've done yet!

LUCILLE:

You're lucky it's avocados, General. With General Anderson's wife, it was onion sandwiches.

(shakes his head,  
as he remembers)

Day after day, week after week --  
onion sandwiches. No wonder they  
had to burp that child double!

ROSS:

(clicking his tongue)

Well, as I always say -- it takes  
a woman to have a baby!

(CONTINUED)



94 (Cont.)

LUCILLE:

It sure does.

Ross exits, Lucille looking after him and then double-taking his own remark.

CUT TO:

95. INT. KITCHEN CABIN #6

DAY

Don has quickly dressed, and is examining his appearance in the shiny bottom of a new steel frying pan. He frowns ruefully at his beard, examines the dirty collar of his shirt, lightly caresses the vague remainders of last night's injuries, scratches the bite some more and then looks around for his cap. It isn't in sight. He looks quickly and rather foolishly in several odd places for it - the oven, the ice-box, etc. Then he pauses, looking at the closed door to the living room. He is very unwilling to awaken Jean, and yet he has to have his cap. He cautiously knocks on the door. To his surprise there is a ready answer.

JEAN'S VOICE:

(brightly)

Come in. . .

As he reacts, then starts to open the door --

96. INT. LIVING ROOM

-- as Don enters. Jean is at the small dressing-table, a light kimono over her nightgown, brushing her hair and counting the strokes.

JEAN:

(pleasantly)

Good morning -- six, seven, eight, nine, ten. . .

DON:

(sighting cap, crossing to get it)

I -- I didn't know you were awake.  
I -- wanted my cap. . .

JEAN:

That's all right. If you'll wait in the kitchen, I'll be ready in a minute -- eleven, twelve, thirteen. . .

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

DON:

You'll be ready? For what?

JEAN:

I want you to drop me off at Black Hills - fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. ..  
(counts her strokes)

DON:

I -- I can't.

JEAN:

It's right on your way -- seven-teen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty!

DON:

I know, but Colonel Otley will be with me.

JEAN:

(stops brushing)

We can tell him I -- I have a little shopping to do . . .

DON:

Of course. You want to pick up an oil well before breakfast.

JEAN:

(rising, picking  
an orange out of the  
dish of fruit nearby,  
sticking it in his hand)

Have an orange. Start the day right.

She exits into bathroom, CAMERA ON Don, who looks after her, then at the orange and starts to peel and eat it as scene continues.

DON:

(after her)

No -- I'll tell you -- I thought about this most of the night, and I think I've figured a way out of the whole mess...

JEAN:

(coming out of bath-  
room with some stockings  
she has apparently washed)

Good. . .

(CONTINUED)



96 (Cont. 1)

DON:

(as she sits down  
and starts putting  
on stockings)

You take a taxi -- wind up the  
deal -- get out of town without  
being...

(stops short, swallows  
as he sees her legs)

JEAN:

(sees his stare,  
smiles)

Nylons. Remember? Extinct. Like  
buffaloes. Without being what?

DON:

(doing his best  
to occupy himself  
with orange)

... without being seen. I'll tell  
the Colonel we had a misunderstand-  
ing, and you've gone home to mother...

JEAN:

I'll have to go home to father.  
(before he speaks)

But it is a way out.  
(nicely)

I'm sorry, Lieutenant. If I'd told  
the truth in the first place, none  
of this would have happened, and --  
well, it wouldn't have hurt me to  
sleep on a park bench for a night  
or two. . .

DON:

(swallowing last  
of orange and scratch-  
ing himself)

You couldn't sleep on any park bench!  
A girl like you . . .!

JEAN:

(smiling)

And what's the matter with a girl  
like me?

DON:

(scratching  
another spot)

You haven't -- well, you haven't  
the park bench look, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.2)

JEAN:

Don't you think so? Really?

DON:

No, not really.

(confused)

I mean -- yes, I don't think  
you haven't.

(laughs)

I'm a little vague in the morning.

(scratches him-  
self)

JEAN:

(putting on her  
watch)And I'm late. I have to get  
out of here!

DON:

Me, too. Well, I -- I guess this  
is -- goodbye . . .

JEAN:

I'm afraid so, Lieutenant Mallory.

(extends her hand)

Take care of yourself. I mean --  
the war . . .

(shakes her head)

-- don't . . .

DON:

(quietly, close  
to her)I won't. If you ever have a little  
time -- and some ink and paper. . .

JEAN:

(nodding)

Of course. And if you're ever near  
a phone . . .

DON:

(scratching him-  
self)

Sure . . .

At this moment, there is a knock on the door, and  
Otley's voice COMES OVER SHOT:

OTLEY'S VOICE:

Lieutenant Mallory! Don . . .!

(CONTINUED)



96 (Cont.3)

DON:  
 (to Jean, quickly)  
 Here's the Colonel now!

But instead of Jean reacting the way he would expect her to, she takes a step away from him -- a sudden idea flashing across her face - turns toward the door, and shouts with dramatic accusation:

JEAN:  
 You brute! You miserable brute...!  
 (Don reacts in  
 amazement)  
 I don't know why I ever married  
 you! When I think of all the other  
 chances I had! Decent men! Well,  
 let me tell you, Don Mallory, I've  
 taken all that any woman could take...!

As Don gulps, at a complete loss as to her actions --

CUT TO:

97. MED. SHOT COLONEL OTIEY ON PORCH  
 -- worriedly shaking the door.

OTIEY:  
 What's going on in there?

98. DON AND JEAN INT. CABIN

JEAN:  
 (loudly, bitterly)  
 Your promises! Those fancy words!  
 Those honeyed phrases!

DON:  
 Have you gone nuts...?

JEAN:  
 (quickly)  
 This is the misunderstanding!  
 He'll hear it for himself and  
 we'll have the whole thing over  
 with!  
 (angrily)  
 Oh, you feeble excuse for a man...!

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

DON:  
 (gulping)  
 Hey -- wait a minute....!

JEAN:  
 (shaking her hairbrush  
 at him)  
 I should have listened to my family --  
 to my friends! But, oh no -- head-  
 strong, foolish girl! -- throwing her  
 life away on a drip in a fancy monkey-  
 suit! Blinded by a uniform....!

DON:  
 For the love of heaven . . . !

99. MED. SHOT COLONEL OTLEY ON PORCH

He firmly shakes the door again, and this time it flies open, and he received Jean's hairbrush smack in the face. Beyond him, Don slowly dies. Jean reacts, but not so violently. Otley enters cabin, nursing himself where the brush hit him.

100. INT. CABIN JEAN, DON AND OTLEY

OTLEY:  
 What is this?

JEAN:  
 I'm going home to mother!  
 I mean father!

OTLEY:  
 (turning on Don)  
 And you're going to allow it?

DON:  
 (blankly)  
 Huh?

OTLEY:  
 If this were a tactical military  
 problem, would you just stand there!

JEAN:  
 I'm not a tactical military problem.

(CONTINUED)



100 (Cont.)

DON:

Please . . .

OTLEY:

How did this start?

(to Jean)

What happened . . . ?

JEAN:

(coolly)

I -- I'm not sure you'd -- understand . . .

OTLEY:

(chuckling)

Give me a little more credit than that,  
my dear. After all, I'm an old married  
man.

(turns to Don

for explanation)

Don . . . ?

DON:

(uncomfortably)

Well, I -- I really don't know, myself . . .

OTLEY:

(nodding, convinced)

As I suspected! A foolish quarrel  
over something you can't even remember!

(to Don, indicating

Jean)

She wants to go home, eh? Well, we  
can't allow that!

JEAN:

We?

OTLEY:

Attack the problem, my boy! Attack it!  
Mrs. Otley and I had the right idea thirty  
years ago. We made it a cardinal rule, no  
matter what rage was in our hearts, to kiss  
each other!

(as they react)

She'll find it pretty hard to shout at  
you after a kiss . . .

DON:

(gulping again)

You mean -- I -- that is -- she --  
and . . . ?

(CONTINUED)

JEAN:

(to Otley, indicating Don)  
Yes! Are you suggesting that --  
he -- kiss -- me?

OTLEY:

(rather coyly)  
As his Commanding Officer, it could  
be interpreted as an order.

Don brings himself to military carriage, but the task  
-- under Jean's withering gaze -- is too much for him,  
and he relaxes, gulping.

OTLEY:

(reproachfully)  
Two young people leap impetuously into  
marriage, and can't overcome their  
first difference with a kiss!

(sternly)  
You kiss this girl, Lieutenant Mallory,  
or you're no Platoon Commander of mine!  
I'll not have a jelly-fish giving orders  
to my men!

Don clicks his heels, moves toward Jean cautiously hold-  
ing her arms to her side, and kisses her. She stands by  
in bewildered defeat. The job done, Don starts to step  
back, reacts at the taste of her cheek on his mouth,  
takes her in his arms again, and really plants one on  
her. When they finally break, Jean swallowing limply,  
Don salutes the Colonel briskly, and Otley returns the  
salute.

OTLEY:

See? A kiss -- that foolish feminine  
smoke-screen blows away -- and here you  
are -- back where you started from!

(beaming)  
Stick to that formula, Don. It's worked  
with us for thirty years. And if she  
ever tries running away from you again,  
let me know --

(chuckles)  
-- I'll help you get her back.  
(pinches Jean's cheek)  
Yes, sir -- a little spit-fire!  
(to Don, glancing  
at watch)

Well, we better be going . . .

JEAN:

(swallowing indignation)  
Colonel Otley, I wonder if -- I mean,  
could --

(indicates Don)  
-- that is . . . ?

(CONTINUED)



100 (Cont.2)

OTLEY:

A moment alone?

(Don shakes his  
head violently)

Of course! I'll wait on the porch.

He exits, and is barely out of the room before Jean gives Don a good resounding slap across his face. The following dialogue is played sotto voce, and very quickly.

JEAN:

(Don reacting startled)

That first kiss was okay. But the  
second kiss -- you weren't kidding!

DON:

I didn't notice much resistance!

JEAN:

With Otley's bayonet between my  
shoulder blades?

DON:

Well, you certainly fixed things up  
fine with your little act!

JEAN:

Don't forget, it was your idea!

DON:

A "misunderstanding" was my idea.  
Not another front!

JEAN:

Well, it might have worked, if you  
hadn't done what he told you to!

DON:

(patiently)

I have to do what he tells me to.  
This is the Army!

JEAN:

I'm not maneuvers!

DON:

(crisply)

Well, it's too bad, Miss Howard.  
Because it looked like it was  
ending on rather a pleasant note . . .

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.3)

At this point, there is a KNOCK on the door, and Otley sticks his head in.

OTLEY:

It's getting late, Don.

He looks at them with an expectant grin, and Don sees this, takes Jean in his arms again, kisses her even more strongly than the second time, and then lets her go.

DON:

(firmly)

Goodbye!

Before she can reply, he exits after the pleased Otley, CAMERA ON Jean for a moment, who looks after him with startled exasperation which slowly changes to mingled surprise and pleasure.

CUT TO:

101. EXT. COLONIAL AUTO COURT

DAY

Mrs. Otley, in a brilliantly-flowered housecoat, sails down the walk, followed by four other Army wives, similarly attired. They are: DORIS WILSON -- very pretty and very dumb; MILDRED HENRY -- tall and homely; CHARLOTTE MILLS -- fat, dumpy and talkative; and JERRY MARTIN -- blase and worldly-wise. They all carry courses of the surprise breakfast they are taking to Jean. Mrs. Otley sights something ahead of them o.s. and stops, indicating happily.

MRS. OTLEY:

Here's the happy bridegroom now!

102. ANOTHER ANGLE WALK OF AUTO COURT

as Don hurries along beside Colonel Otley. The women bustle up to him, and he stops, flustered.

DON:

Good morning . . .

MRS. OTLEY:

Good morning to you! And is the "little woman" awake?

(CONTINUED)



102 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

(genially)

Oh, very much awake!

MRS. OTLEY:

(to Don)

We girls are just going to drop in  
on her, with a bite to eat . . . !

DON:

(swallowing)

She'll -- er -- she'll love that --  
I know . . .

MRS. OTLEY:

And won't your ears be burning all  
the way to Camp!

The women all exit, in a chattering little group,  
CAMERA WITH Don and Otley as they continue on down walk.

OTLEY:

(smiling)

You two certainly have given the  
Court plenty to talk about, Don!

DON:

(sickly)

Yeh . . .

At this point, they pass the manager's cabin, just as  
Mrs. Wingate hurries down the steps, and into SHOT,  
bent on some errand.

MRS. WINGATE:

(stopping when she  
sees Don)Oh, Lieutenant Mallory, I haven't  
registered you yet! Well, I'll  
take a card down to your wife in a  
little while.

(breathless)

The heater exploded in cabin three,  
and they can't find Mrs. Smith's mother!

She exits, and as Don and Otley continue on toward car:

CUT TO:

103. INT. CABIN #6

Jean, in stocking feet, is slipping a simple day-dress over her head. She has not unzipped it far enough down the back, however, and is now stuck, with her arms part way through the dress' arms, and most of it bunched up on her head. At this moment, there is a KNOCK on the door, and a little bird-like call.

MRS. OTLEY'S VOICE:

Yoo-hoooo.....

JEAN:

(from under dress,  
struggling with it)

Yoo-hooo yourself.

104. MED. FULL WOMEN ON PORCH

led by Mrs. Otley, who opens the door, and peaks in.

MRS. OTLEY:

May we come in?

She starts to enter, the women following.

105. INT. LIVING ROOM CABIN #6

Jean flounders around in the dress, as women enter. Finally, she gets it down over her head, lets out a sigh, and then realizes she is ambushed.

JEAN:

Oh. . .

MRS. OTLEY:

And this is the happy bride, girls!

(to Jean)

We brought you breakfast, and we want  
to hear everything!

JEAN:

(swallowing)

Everything. . .?

(CONTINUED)



105 (Cont.)

MRS. OTLEY:  
 (starting to open  
 packages, as other  
 women bustle about)  
 From the very beginning!

as Jean reacts --

DISSOLVE TO:

106. INT. DON'S CAR DON AND COLONEL OTLEY (PROCESS) DAY  
 en route to Camp. Colonel Otley is full of plans for  
 Don's future.

OTLEY:  
 Young man, you couldn't have  
 pleased me more!  
 (ponderously)  
 Marriage is a fine institution!

DON:  
 (uncomfortably)  
 Yes, sir.

OTLEY:  
 Now, we must be making plans for  
 your future!

DON:  
 Oh, I'm not much at looking ahead...

OTLEY:  
 I know, but you must arrange an  
 allotment for her! Very simple!  
 Taken out of your base pay check,  
 you never see it at all!  
 (Don winces)  
 I'll look into it as soon as we  
 get to Camp. . .  
 (rushing on, before  
 Don can answer)  
 And your insurance. Who's the  
 beneficiary?

DON:  
 My mother.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

(nodding with thoughtful  
understanding)

That is the difficult choice. But  
you've chosen the woman of your life,  
Don. And it's only fair to protect  
her in case -- well, the fortunes of  
war -- you know. . .

(very business-like)

It can be transferred very easily.

(Don starts to speak,

Otley goes on)

And of course there may be a little  
Mallory -- you must think of him!

DON:

(firmly)

There won't be a little Mallory,  
not for quite some time. . . !

OTLEY:

I said that, too. And now a little  
Otley is piloting a Super-Fortress  
over Tokyo. You'd be surprised how  
quickly replicas come off that assembly  
line. . .

(as Don gulps, Otley  
gets down to what he  
is really trying to say)

Don -- you've been in grade the better  
part of a year. I think we shall see if  
there isn't a Captaincy open in our  
table of organization.

(beams genially)

I'm recommending you for it. Mrs. Otley'll  
probably come through with the usual  
candlesticks. But consider this my own  
personal wedding present to you, my boy...

As Don gulps again --

DISSOLVE TO:

107. INT. LIVING ROOM CABIN #6 DAY

Jean, and the women, all sit around a small table,  
finishing breakfast. They have apparently been hound-  
ing her with questions, and we will know in a minute  
that she is up to her ears in an elaborate fabricated  
story of her romance with Don. Her expression shows  
this, as SCENE opens, and women thrust more food and  
questions on her.

(CONTINUED)



107 (Cont.)

MRS. WILSON:

(the sweet one)

Then what happened? Did you know  
you'd be married when you got here. . . ?

JEAN:

Well, we'd planned a lovely wedding  
at home -- but in war-time, and all. . .

MRS. WILSON:

An elopement! What will your family say?

JEAN:

I -- I'm not sure.

MRS. MARTIN:

(the skeptical one)

Who swung the deal -- a minister, or  
a justice of the peace?

MRS. OTLEY:

Oh, I'm sure she wouldn't be married  
by a justice of the peace!

(to Jean)

Would you, dear?

JEAN:

No -- no, of course not. It was a  
minister. I mean, he was.

MRS. HENRY:

(the sober one)

Then it must have been Reverend Dangle.  
He'll be surprised to know it was  
an elopement.

JEAN:

Oh, I -- I -- I'm sure he won't remember.  
I mean, it was a very little ceremony. . .

MRS. HENRY:

Reverend Dangle remember everything.  
That's why I attend his services. Nothing  
slipshod.

The telephone starts to ring.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont. 1)

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Henry)

But there were two other weddings!  
I'm afraid you'd only embarrass him  
by asking about us. . .

The phone stops on six. All the women react.

MRS. OTLEY:

Six! That's you!

MRS. MARTIN:

(closest to it)

I'll get it.

(picks up phone before  
Jean can protest)

Hello . . .

(pauses, her expression  
changing slightly)

There's no Miss Howard here. . .

JEAN:

(quickly)

Yes -- that's for me!

Mrs. Otley and the others exchange surprised glances, as Jean almost grabs the phone out of Mrs. Martin's hand. As she cannot leave the room with the phone, she tries to maneuver herself so that they will hear as little as possible. This won't work, either. So she has to make up her end of the conversation. During it, CUT BACK AND FORTH between her and Slim, in the lean-to.

JEAN:

(uncertainly)

Hello. . .

SLIM:

Hi. Did your husband's voice change  
in the night?

JEAN:

Oh -- Uncle Eddie. . .!

SLIM:

Uncle Eddie?

JEAN:

What're you doing in Clayfield?

SLIM:

Wait a minute, sister. . .

(CONTINUED)



107 (Cont. 2)

JEAN:

Uncle Eddie -- you'll never guess  
what's happened to me! I'm married!  
Yesterday afternoon. . .!

SLIM:

(flatly)

Congratulations. Now, listen -- I  
have to run up to Fresno today, and  
if you can get rid of the old man,  
how about coming with me? We'll talk  
about the deal. . .

JEAN:

That's sweet of you. And I hope  
my father takes it the same way.

SLIM:

Oh, yeh -- he called me this morning. . .

JEAN:

(reacts violently)

He what?

SLIM:

Looking for you. I told him where  
you were. You should have heard from  
him by now.

JEAN:

Oh -- oh -- he -- well, he doesn't know  
about Don --

(gulps)

-- does he?

SLIM:

(wisely)

Doesn't he?

JEAN:

No -- you see, it all happened so  
quickly -- and everything. . .

SLIM:

Well, I kept my big mouth shut --  
but do I begin to see the light. . .?

JEAN:

(sees she must bring  
this to a close)

Well, I'd adore it, Uncle Eddie.  
And I'll be ready any time. It  
was lovely of you to look me up!

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont. 3)

He hangs up. Jean also hangs up, gulping, casting little glances at the women to see what their reactions are.

JEAN:

That was my -- er -- Uncle Eddie. . .

MRS. MARTIN:

He has a very young voice.

JEAN:

Oh, yes -- Uncle Eddie's just -- never grown old. . .

MRS. OTLEY:

Well, we'll go, so you can finish dressing before he gets here!

(she and others rise,

and pick up their things)

It's been a most interesting breakfast.

MRS. MARTIN:

(with meaning)

Yes...most interesting.

With ad libbed "goodbyes" the women leave, Jean closing the door behind them with a relieved sigh. But as she leans against it for a moment, the telephone starts to ring again, instantly reminding her of the newest complication.

108. EXT. ENTRANCE COLONIAL AUTO COURT DAY

Lucille idles about in front, as Don's car swings in from the highway and screams to a stop, almost taking Lucille out.

109. CLOSER SHOT DON'S CAR AND PORTION OF WALK

Don hops quickly out, Lucille gulping at the narrow escape.

LUCILLE:

Wassamatter, General -- th' war over?

DON:

It's just beginning, Lucille!

He hurries quickly towards his cabin. CAMERA ON LUCILLE for a moment, as he takes out his little black book and jots something down.



110. INT. CABIN #6

Jean has just picked up the receiver on the phone.

JEAN:  
Hello -- oh, hello, Dad . . .

111. MED. SHOT MR. HOWARD AT PHONE DAY

in his Los Angeles office. Alex, the gentle male secretary, sits in b.g., where he has evidently been taking dictation.

HOWARD:  
Jean, what is this?

JEAN'S VOICE:  
(timidly)  
What is what?

HOWARD:  
I've tried to get you everywhere,  
and now I find you in an auto court!

JEAN'S VOICE:  
I'm perfectly all right, Dad.  
It's a very nice auto court. It  
only takes married people.

HOWARD:  
What!!!

112. JEAN AT PHONE CABIN #6

CUT BACK and FORTH between her and Howard during following conversation. Also note Alex's startled-fawn reactions.

JEAN:  
(into phone, stammering)  
I mean -- er -- I mean . . .

113. WIDER ANGLE INT. CABIN

as Don bursts in, disregarding the fact that Jean is on the phone.

DON:  
Jean, we've got to get out  
of this, right now!

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

JEAN:  
(to Don, hand over  
mouthpiece)  
What're you doing here?

DON:  
Because it's our honeymoon, Otley  
gave me the day off to spend with  
you!

JEAN:  
(quickly)  
Well, give it back to him! Tell  
him we already had one.

HOWARD:  
Jean, did I hear a man's voice?????

DON:  
(impassioned)  
I'm about to sign my life over to you!  
He'll have the papers when he comes  
back tonight!

JEAN:  
(into phone, quickly)  
No, of course not, Dad -- what would  
a man be doing here?  
(to Don, hand over  
receiver)  
Look -- I'm talking to my father --  
do you mind?

DON:  
Your father?

HOWARD:  
Jean, I distinctly hear a man's voice!

JEAN:  
(sweetly)  
There's no man here, Dad.

Don reacts at this implication.

HOWARD:  
What about the order?

JEAN:  
I'm going to see Slim Clarke in  
a few minutes . . .

(CONTINUED)



113 (Cont.1)

HOWARD:

In that -- auto court . . . ?

JEAN:

We're driving to Fresno . . .

DON:

(very firmly)

Oh, no you're not!

JEAN:

(to her father, ignoring Don)

He makes up his mind better, driving to Fresno . . .

DON:

You're staying right here, and getting us out of this mess! I'm not going to put my name on a lot . . .

HOWARD:

I don't like the sound of this at all, Jean! I was right in the first place! I never should have let you go!

JEAN:

(quickly)

Nonsense, Dad -- I'm perfectly all right, and everything's under control. I'll call you as soon as I see Slim, and let you know about everything. Goodbye.

She hangs up quickly, before he can say anything else.

114. MED. SHOT MR. HOWARD AND ALEX  
in office.

HOWARD:

(hanging up, slowly)

Take my advice, Alex, and never have a daughter.

ALEX:

(slight lisp)

I see what you mean.

CUT TO:

115. JEAN AND DON INT. CABIN #6

During following scene, she finishes dressing, completes her makeup, etc.,

DON:

Don't you understand! My  
allotment, my insurance. . .  
(his voice cracks)  
. . . everything, will be yours!

JEAN:

That's very generous of you, Lieutenant,  
but you should have told him the truth.

DON:

I couldn't. He respects marriage.  
To him, it's a beautiful thing.  
(thoughtfully)  
But you're right. The truth.  
It's what we should have done in  
the first place!

JEAN:

It won't be as bad as it seems. I'm  
sure he's a very understanding man.  
And then when I get back from Fresno. . .

DON:

(with forced calmness)  
Fresno? You're not going to Fresno.  
You're going to stay right here, and  
face Otley with me.

JEAN:

Lieutenant Mallory -- there's something  
you should understand, once and for all.  
I'm sorry about this mess, but I have to  
close my deal. And if it takes a little  
trip to Fresno. . .

DON:

(firmly)  
Then I'll go with you, and we'll see  
Otley when we get back.'

JEAN:

Oh, no! You went last night, and  
spoiled the whole thing!

(CONTINUED)



115 (Cont.)

There is a short KNOCK on the door, and Lucille sticks his head in.

LUCILLE:

Mrs. Mallory -- your boy friend's  
up front.

Lucille exits. Jean has hastily gathered her hat and bag, and gives herself a last look in the mirror.

DON:

(desperately)

Miss Howard, you couldn't do  
this to me. . . .

JEAN:

(hurriedly, also  
ignoring this)

How do I look?

She really looks swell. He forgets what he was going to say, looks at her again. . .

DON:

Well -- if you weren't my wife. . . .

JEAN:

(also softening a  
little)

Yes. . . ?

DON:

(bluntly, catching himself  
and snapping out of the  
moment's mood)

Nothing! Go on! Have your fun!  
Get your order! Don't worry about  
me with just a couple of oranges here --  
I'm the citrus type!

(feels very sorry  
for himself)

I may be in the guard-house when you  
get back, but that shouldn't matter  
to you.

(as she reacts a  
little hesitant)

Perhaps I should have said if you get  
back. Do you know what happens to  
little girls who go roaring around  
this country with strange men!?

(CONTINUED)

JEAN:

I told you once before -- he's  
not a strange man!

DON:

Oh, that's right -- those old  
familiar shoulders! Well, they  
don't look so broad to me!

(measures his own  
shoulders in a mirror)

Any tailor can give you a pair of  
shoulders!

(Jean ignores this)

And just because he's abnormally  
tall doesn't mean I'm exactly a dwarf!

(she just stands  
watching him)

Besides, a man's brains aren't in his  
shoulders, and there's not much of a  
future in superintending an oil well --  
I might add. Also.

This has given Jean some pause, and she looks at him  
for a long minute, before speaking.

JEAN:

(pausing, near door)

Well, I'll tell you what I think  
I better do. . .

(thinks this over)

I think I better -- er. . .

(falters)

I think I better -- er. . .

(makes a firm decision)

I think I better go!

She exits, closing the door quickly behind her. CAMERA  
STAYS with Don, who looks after her at first with  
surprise, and then indignation, and then again turns his  
back to the mirror.

115a. FULL SHOT COURTYARD AUTO COURT

Jean hurries down the steps of her cabin, and along the  
walk toward the auto entrance. As she goes, the door of  
each cabin opens behind her, and the female occupants  
of each look out after her, with curiosity and suspicion.  
CAMERA KEEPS PULLING BACK, as Jean hurries up to Slim's  
car in f. g., hops in, and it pulls out of SHOT. Now,  
all of the women run out from their cabins, and form in  
a little chattering huddle in the middle of the court,  
led by Mrs. Martin.



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103a.

115b. MED. SHOT MRS. MARTIN

- other women surrounding her, as she looks after Joan  
and Slim.

MRS. MARTIN:  
(suspiciously)  
And how's your Uncle Eddie?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

118. DON INT. LIVING ROOM CABIN #6 NIGHT

He is just finishing ironing his shirt on the ironing-board, looking annoyed, harassed, petulant, and impatient. As he glances at his watch, a SOUND is HEARD at door.

119. MAIN DOOR OF CABIN FROM DON'S ANGLE NIGHT

It opens slowly and Jean enters. She is a wreck. Her hat hangs in a limp hand, and her hair hangs on a limp head. Her makeup is smeared, her dress is mussed. She closes the door behind her and leans against it tiredly.

120. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING DON NIGHT

at ironing -board.

DON:

(succinctly)

Well, I see you landed the order.

JEAN:

(tossing hat on chair)

Yes. That is -- practically yes . . .

(watches him)

What in the world are you doing?

DON:

Ironing my shirt. That is -- practically ironing it.

JEAN:

That's very domestic.

DON:

I spent a very domestic day. Mrs. Otley took me shopping. . .

(at Jean's surprised reaction)

Get a load of the kitchen.

She crosses to kitchen, and looks in.

121. INT. KITCHEN FROM HER ANGLE

It is loaded with chain-store boxes, containing all kinds of canned goods, cartons, etc...



122. JEAN AND DON INT. LIVING ROOM

as she turns back, curiously.

DON:

(puts on his shirt)

And then when we got home, Doris Wilson was waiting. She's the sweetest thing! We traded recipes. She showed me a grand one for tomato aspie, and I showed her how to snap the head off a snake with a belt-buckle!

Jean is too tired to smile at this, although she is slightly amused at Don's petulance. She takes her little overnight case, and sets it on the bed.

JEAN:

Well, as soon as I pack, you'll have one less woman to worry about.

DON:

(with affected casualness, as he ties his tie)

Going some place?

JEAN:

Home -- on the eight o'clock bus -- you'll be glad to know.

DON:

(nicely)

Under other circumstances it might have pleased me -- but Mrs. Osley asked us to dinner tonight . . .

JEAN:

(looking up)

What?

DON:

(nodding)

And I accepted.

JEAN:

You didn't! You couldn't have!

DON:

I couldn't have not. It was practically an order.

(completes dressing)

I'm sorry to interrupt your plans, Miss Howard, but we're going to be there . . .

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

JEAN:

But Slim's picking me up! The deal depends on it!

DON:

This Clarke's sure holding out 'til the last minute.

JEAN:

He promised to sign before I leave. And I have to catch that bus. If I miss it, there'll really be some explaining to do! You don't know my father . . .

DON:

Is he anything like you?

JEAN:

Of course.

DON:

Thanks, just the same.

(quickly)

Well, my Army future depends on my maintaining good relations with my Commanding Officer. I know Otley. A good dinner -- a good cigar -- and he'll be in a very mellow mood. Then we -- you and I -- will put this whole thing on the table. It's my last chance to explain my way out of it, and ---

(gentle, but quite sure of himself)

-- I'll need you there to help me . . .

During this speech of Don's, the phone has been ringing, and stops on six. He picks it up, Jean looking at him with surprise and mild indignation.

DON:

(into phone)

Hello . . .

(nods)

Yes, Mrs. Otley. Yes -- I'll be glad to.

(pause)

All right. I'll tell her. . .

(to Jean, after hanging up)

Mrs. Otley forgot the sherry. I'll have to go get it. She says for you to come over whenever you're ready.

He puts on his cap, and turns to door. Jean is doing a prolonged burn behind him. As he opens the door, she turns to her packing, but he stops her, with a calm sentence.

(CONTINUED)



122 (Cont.1)

DON:

You wouldn't run out on me now,  
would you . . . ?

He exits, CAMERA WITH Jean. She looks after him, thin-lipped, turns back to the case with determination starts to put something in it, pauses, starts again, pauses. Her indecision is broken by Wilbur's voice, bleating OVER SHOT, and in --

123 ANOTHER ANGLE

we see his sublime little puss at the window.

WILBUR:

Cantcha make up your mind?

JEAN:

(firmly)

Yes.

(tosses clothes in  
bag, pauses, then  
sits down on dressing-  
table stool, her head  
in her hands)

No . . .

WILBUR:

Where ya goin'?

JEAN:

Los Angeles.

WILBUR:

Why?

JEAN:

I live there.

WILBUR:

Why?

JEAN:

I like it. It's my home. I was  
born there.

WILBUR:

What does "born" mean?

JEAN:

(impatiently)

Oh, go ask your mother!

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.)

As Wilbur vanishes from the window, and Jean sighs deeply, torn between emotions --

CUT TO:

124. EXT. ENTRANCE COLONIAL AUTO COURT NIGHT

A dilapidated taxi comes into SCENE. As usual, Lucille idles nearby, in front of the manager's cabin.

125. CLOSER SHOT TAXI

It comes to a stop, Lucille watching it casually, and the driver gets out and opens the rear door, revealing MRS. MALLORY, Don's mother.

MRS. MALLORY:

(to Lucille, as she gets  
coins out of her bag, and  
driver puts her luggage on walk)

Are you the porter?

LUCILLE:

I ain't no Army wife.

Mrs. Mallory pays the driver, who gets back into cab and drives away during the following short conversation. She then indicates her luggage to Lucille.

MRS. MALLORY:

Lieutenant Mallory's cabin, please.

LUCILLE:

Lieutenant Mallory?

MRS. MALLORY:

Yes, I'm Mrs. Mallory

LUCILLE:

(mouth dropping open)

Mrs. Mallory ????

MRS. MALLORY:

That needn't bewilder you.

(CONTINUED)



125 (Cont.)

LUCILLE:

Oh, I ain't bewildered, ma'am. Ah  
always look like this.

Shrugging, he starts down walk with her baggage, as  
Mrs. Mallory follows.

126. INT. CABIN #6

Jean still sits despondently on the dressing-table stool,  
trying to decide what to do. A KNOCK is HEARD on the  
door, and as she looks up --

127. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING DOOR

and Lucille's head, looking around it. Mrs. Mallory is  
on porch in b.g.

LUCILLE:

(seeing Jean)

You got company, ma'am . . .

He enters, Mrs. Mallory behind him.

JEAN:

(curiously rising)

Yes . . . ?

MRS. MALLORY:

(surveying room,  
and Jean's packing)

Oh, I -- I beg your pardon. I  
thought this was Lieutenant Mallory's  
cabin.

LUCILLE:

(settin' bags down,  
and waiting for  
tip)

It is.

MRS. MALLORY:

But there -- there must be some  
mistake.

(to Jean)

I called the Camp from the station,  
and the Corporal in charge told me  
my son should be here.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

JEAN:  
(swallowing weakly)  
Your -- your son?

MRS. MALLORY:  
(nodding)  
Don. He's stationed here.  
(proudly)  
He's a Lieutenant.

LUCILLE:  
(who has been adopting  
various amusing stances,  
waiting for his tip)  
Well, we'll take care of that  
quick, ma'am.

MRS. MALLORY:  
(to Jean, ignoring  
this)  
He wasn't expecting me  
until Friday, but I thought  
I'd get in a day or so ahead  
of time and -- simplify  
things. . . .  
(looks around cabin)  
It looks as though he's  
arranged everything, anyway.  
He's a very thoughtful  
boy.  
(indicates Jean's bags)  
But I see you're leaving.  
I'll wait outside until  
you're packed. . . .

Jean has to think quickly about this now. She  
can't have Don's mother wandering around. And  
somehow she's got to intercept him before he  
comes back to the cabin.

JEAN:  
Oh, no -- no -- I wouldn't  
think of it! You stay right  
here.  
(finishes packing  
quickly)  
I'll just be a minute.

(CONTINUED)



127 (Cont.1)

MRS. MALLORY:

Well, that's very nice  
of you. . . .

LUCILLE:

(finally)

Anything else expected of me  
before ah make mah departure,  
Mrs. Mallory?

JEAN & MRS. MALLORY:

(in unison)

No, thank you.

Having turned to hand Lucille a coin, and speaking  
at exactly the same time, Mrs. Mallory still doesn't  
catch on. Lucille looks from one to the other,  
perplexed.

LUCILLE:

Life sure gets discomgalli-  
fusticated!

He exits, and just as Mrs. Mallory is about to  
comment on him, Wilbur's mother appears in the  
window.

WOMAN:

What do you mean, putting  
ideas like that into Wilbur's  
head? He doesn't know he was  
"born". We're trying to keep  
it from him!

JEAN:

Well, I see your point.  
But he's bound to find  
out, sooner or later.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont. 2)

She crosses quickly, and pulls down the shade on the window, blotting out the woman.

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Mallory)

One big, happy family!

MRS. MALLORY:

Oh, I've heard about these motor courts. All kinds of things! But of course I've never needed to worry about Don. He was an Eagle Scout.

JEAN:

(hurriedly closing case, examining herself in mirror, etc..)

Really?

MRS. MALLORY:

(nodding)

He's been a great satisfaction to me. I suppose your husband's in the Army?

JEAN:

Er -- er -- yes. . .

MRS. MALLORY:

Being transferred?

JEAN:

(picks up coat)

You might call it that.

MRS. MALLORY:

(hesitantly)

He's not -- he's not going overseas, is he?

JEAN:

(with double meaning)

We're not sure just where this is going to lead us.

(takes case, turns toward door)

He'll be waiting outside, so -- so -- well, goodbye . . .

MRS. MALLORY:

Goodbye, my dear. Don will be glad to know I met such a sweet little Army wife! I feel -- well, as if I've been sort of -- broken in . . .

(CONTINUED)



127 (Cont.3)

JEAN:

I know exactly what you mean.

She exits quickly, Mrs. Mallory looking after her and beaming.

128. EXT. CABIN #6

NIGHT

as Jean comes out. She looks down the courtyard anxiously, and then starts toward motel entrance somewhat gingerly, with CAMERA. She has only gone a few steps, however, when she is interrupted by Wilbur, whose head pops out of the window of his cabin.

WILBUR:

(loudly)

You runnin' away with that other guy?

JEAN:

Shhhhhhhhhhh!

WILBUR:

(doggedly)

Do you like him better than your husband?

(Jean burns, trying  
desperately to think  
of a way to shut him up)

My mom don't like her husband at all.  
But he's the best she can do.

Jean's problem is now solved by a hand, which covers Wilbur's mouth, and lifts him away from the window. Jean continues on with CAMERA. Again she has only gone a step, when Captain Ross bounces out of nowhere, in a great dither.

ROSS:

She doesn't want an avacado, Mrs.  
Mallory! What does that mean?

JEAN:

I don't know -- I . . .

ROSS:

(with portent)

This may be a night to remember.

JEAN:

(dryly)

It may be one to forget.

He exits into cabin, and Jean looks ahead again, decides

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

to avoid the Otley cabin, and crosses to other side of court. This, however, is also a mistake, as Mrs. Wingate comes out of her cabin, just as Jean tries to skirt it cautiously.

MRS. WINGATE:

(seeing Jean)

I've thought of you all day, Mrs. Mallory -- you haven't registered yet, you know! -- but I haven't had one free minute!

(sees case)

Leaving????

JEAN:

(very unhappily)

No, I'm -- I'm just going to send some laundry home.

MRS. WINGATE:

Aren't men the messy creatures!

(indicates case)

Well, I'll take it. We have the cartons. Lucille packs them for all the other wives!

JEAN:

I -- I think I better send it from the post office . . .

MRS. WINGATE:

At this time of night?

(takes case out of Jean's hand)

Lucille . . .

During this, Major Strotz's car has pulled up in b.g., and Otley has gotten out, waved goodnight to Strotz, and now advances on the women, as Lucille appears around a corner of the manager's cabin.

OTLEY:

(to ladies)

Good evening . . .

MRS. WINGATE:

(handing Lucille Jean's bag)

Lucille, this is the Lieutenant's laundry. Pack it for mailing, and I'll give you the address later.

(to Otley)

Good evening . . .

(including Jean, quickly)

You'll excuse me, won't you? There's a rattlesnake in Number 4, and the people are complaining.

(CONTINUED)



128 (Cont.1)

She exits, CAMERA WITH Otley and Jean.

OTLEY:

And where's the groom . . . ?

JEAN:

He -- he went to get some sherry . . .

OTLEY:

Well, I think he can find our cabin by himself.

There is nothing Jean can do, as he takes her arm and steers her toward his cabin.

129. INT. OTLEY'S CABIN

Mrs. Otley has set up a card table in the living-room, and has done her best to make things as attractive as possible, under the very crowded conditions. She is setting some salads on the table, as Otley and Jean enter.

MRS. OTLEY:

(brightly)

Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'm behind schedule!

(to Jean, as she

turns toward kitchenette)

Make yourself at home, dear. I have to melt the fish.

OTLEY:

Melt the fish?

MRS. OTLEY:

(to Jean)

My life has been saved by frozen foods!

She exits into kitchenette. Otley takes some wine glasses out of a little closet. Jean reluctantly removes her coat and hat.

OTLEY:

(to Jean, sighing)

I had quite a shock today.

(Jean looks at him curiously)

Found out a young Lieutenant on my staff wasn't married, and all the time I thought the woman he -- well, and all the time I thought he was.

JEAN:

(swallowing)

You mean . . . ?

(CONTINUED)

129 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

Exactly! Doubt if you know him,  
though. Name's Allen. Lieutenant  
Allen.

(Jean almost collapses  
with relief)

It's a shame! He had an excellent  
future in the Army, and instead he  
was given his choice this afternoon  
-- court martial or resignation . . . !

JEAN:

(timidly)

And -- what -- happened -- to -- the . . . ?

OTLEY:

(completing sentence)

Woman? She got off easy! All she  
has to do is stay out of the State!

At this moment, there is a KNOCK on the door, and Don  
looks in.

DON:

(entering, with  
sherry)

May I come in?

JEAN:

Oh, yes -- you're -- just in time . . .

DON:

(handing Otley bottle  
of sherry)

Here's the sherry, sir . . .

OTLEY:

(taking it)

Thank you, Don. I should have remembered  
it myself but -- er -- now that I'm not  
drinking, I forget about others.

(genially)

The corkscrew's in the kitchen.

(shakes his finger at  
them, waggishly)

No more "little misunderstandings" --  
you two.

He exits into kitchen, CAMERA WITH Jean and Don.

DON:

Well, I suppose I should thank you  
for sticking around . . .

(CONTINUED)



129 (Cont.1)

JEAN:

It wasn't exactly my -- er -- choice.  
 (as he looks at her,  
 surprised)

Do you have a mother?

DON:

(sarcastically)

No, I was a test-tube baby.

JEAN:

Fortyish -- greying hair . . . ?

DON:

What is this?

JEAN:

She's in Cabin #6. Waiting for you.

DON:

Waiting for me? My mother? Where'd  
she come from?

JEAN:

Out of the floor. In a puff of smoke.

DON:

But she's not due until Friday . . . !

JEAN:

She wanted to simplify matters.

(indicating phone)

You better phone her right now!

DON:

Oh -- sure . . . !

JEAN:

Tell her you're at Camp, or something.  
 If you don't, she'll start looking!  
 And if she looks, she'll find us! And  
 if she finds us, the jig'll be up before  
 we . . .

DON:

(taking up her sentence)

. . . get a chance to explain our way  
 out of it! I see what you mean. Nothing  
 like a mother to complicate things!

(into phone)

Hello -- Lucille? Give me Cabin #6.

As he waits --

130. INT. KITCHENETTE

Colonel Otley struggles with the cork in the sherry bottle, while Mrs. Otley examines food in pans on the stove, and starts to serve dinner on a platter.

MRS. OTLEY:

Far be it from me to gossip, but  
some of the girls are talking.

(lowers her voice)

She spent the entire day with her  
Uncle Eddie. And very attractive . . .

OTLEY:

Who spent the day with whose Uncle Eddie?

MRS. OTLEY:

Mrs. Mallory. While I took her  
husband shopping.

OTLEY:

(finally getting  
cork out)

You took him shopping???? Couldn't  
you have left him alone -- for just  
one day!

MRS. OTLEY:

He was alone. That's my point.

OTLEY:

(wiping off neck  
of bottle, disgustedly)

You women! As nice a little couple  
as I've ever seen, and what do you do?  
-- immediately start getting suspicious!

MRS. OTLEY:

(turning to a grapefruit  
she has been preparing)

Even you think you've seen her some  
place before.

OTLEY:

Purely my imagination!

(looks at platter of  
food, and then at the  
measly grapefruit she's  
fixing)

All ready?

MRS. OTLEY:

As soon as I fix your grapefruit. But  
you really should eat more than this  
tonight, Michael.

(CONTINUED)



130.(Cont.)

OTLEY:

I'm planning to, my dear. Toasted rye bread -- two slices -- and a glass of buttermilk!

MRS. OTLEY:

But that isn't good for you, Michael .. it isn't enough . . .

OTLEY:

Of course not, my dear. That's why I lose weight.

131. MED. SHOT DON AT PHONE IN LIVING ROOM

Jean stands nearby, nervously.

DON:

(into phone, quietly  
and quickly)

Yes, as soon as I can. In the meantime, just make yourself --

(swallows)

-- comfortable.

CUT TO:

132. MED. SHOT MRS. MALLORY AT PHONE IN CABIN #6

She is beaming at the sound of her son's voice.

MRS. MALLORY:

Oh, I will, dear. Don't worry about me. The nicest little bride just left here, and the place is spick and span.

As she hangs up --

133. LIVING ROOM OTLEY'S CABIN

Don also hanging up, wincing.

DON:

(to Jean)

Well, at least that gives us a little time to explain things . . . !

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

JEAN:

(anxiously)

Before you start, there's something  
you should know. Have you ever heard  
of Lieutenant -- Allen . . . ?

DON:

Horace? One of my best friends!

Colonel Otley now enters with the sherry for Don and  
Jean, and an odd-looking concoction for himself.

OTLEY:

(genially, as he  
pours their sherry)

This is a real treat for me and  
Mrs. Otley! Having you here!

DON:

(clearing his throat)

Colonel, there's something I want  
to say to you . . .

OTLEY:

(handing them  
their glasses)

Yes . . . ?

JEAN:

(before Don can speak)

He wants to tell you it's a -- a  
real treat for us, too . . .

DON:

(casting her a look)

No, I don't. I mean -- that . . .

OTLEY:

(ignoring this, raising  
his glass to Jean)

To the bride, Don --

(clears his throat)

-- to the bride.

(they drink, Otley

wincing at his drink)

Lemon-juice and water.

(shivers)

Delicious!

(sets glass down,

as Don and Jean take

big swallows of their

sherry and produces

papers)

That reminds me, Don -- although I don't  
know why it should -- I have your papers.

(CONTINUED)



133 (Cont.1)

DON:

(gulping)  
Papers?

Mrs. Otley now enters with dinner, which she quickly sets down.

OTLEY:

(to Jean, grinning)  
You have him where you want him now,  
Mrs. Mallory! His insurance -- your  
monthly allotment . . . !

MRS. OTLEY:

(interrupting, as  
Jean swallows her sherry  
in one frightened gulp)  
Now, Michael, that can wait 'til after  
dinner . . .

(indicates places  
to Jean and Don)  
You here, Lieutenant. You next to the  
Colonel, my dear.

They all sit down, but Otley is still engrossed in the subject of the insurance, and has the papers at his elbow, between him and Jean on the table. Jean's major efforts during the following sequence are to keep Don from signing the papers.

OTLEY:

Yes, ma'am, if anything -- shall  
we say "unfortunate"? -- occurs,  
you will receive ten thousand dollars  
in cash, and one hundred-and-seventy-  
five dollars a month for the rest of  
your life!

(beaming)

We can't say the Army doesn't take care  
of the ones we leave behind, can we, Don?

DON:

No, sir -- we -- er -- certainly can't . . .

OTLEY:

(to Jean)  
And all for five dollars a week! Comes  
out of his base pay! He never sees it!

JEAN:

(sickly, trying  
to eat)

It's amazing -- the strides that have  
been made in -- insurance -- lately . . .

(CONTINUED)

OTLEY:  
(indicating papers)  
Have you a pen, Don?

MRS. OTLEY:  
Now, Michael . . .

OTLEY:  
It only takes a moment to sign his  
name, my dear, and then we can settle  
down to a peaceful little evening,  
and everything will be over, once and  
for all!

During this speech, Jean has lit a cigarette, and  
surreptitiously holds the match under a corner of one  
of the papers on the table, between her and Otley,  
before blowing it out -- noting with pleasure, that  
the paper catches fire.

DON:  
(to Otley, making  
quite a job of  
looking for a pen)  
I'm afraid I haven't a pen, Colonel.

OTLEY:  
Well, there's one around here  
some place . . .

He starts to rise, sees that the paper is on fire,  
grabs it and hastily fans the flame out, amid much  
attendant confusion.

JEAN:  
Oh -- how -- stupid of me . . . !

OTLEY:  
(after a hasty  
examination)  
Are you lucky! They're perfectly  
all right.

As he says this, he finds a pen in the drawer of a  
nearby table, and sits down again, opening it with  
considerable show.

MRS. OTLEY:  
You have nothing to worry about  
with grapefruit, Michael -- but  
our dinner's getting cold.

(CONTINUED)



133 (Cont.3)

OTLEY:

(placing papers in  
front of Don, and  
handing him the pen)

Right here, Don. Where I put the "X".

DON:

(taking pen, but  
stalling desperately)

The -- "X"?

(gives Jean a look  
of sheer terror)

OTLEY:

(making a joke)

Yes, "X" marks the spot where the  
murder was committed.

At this point, in desperation, Jean turns her water-  
glass over on the table, water soaking the papers.  
Mrs. Otley jumps up, mopping up the mess.

JEAN:

(also rising)

Oh, I'm -- I'm terribly sorry . . . !

Before Otley can retrieve them, Jean takes the  
hopelessly soaked papers, crumples them up, and throws  
them in a wastebasket. Unperturbed, Otley immediately  
withdraws others from his pocket.

OTLEY:

Don't worry, my dear. I have six  
duplicates. Army efficiency.

(facetiously)

You know, I'm begging to think you  
don't want him to sign the papers!

JEAN:

I don't see how you could get that  
idea. Do you, Don?

DON:

Of course not.

(to Mrs. Otley, trying

to change subject quickly)

These are delicious crackers. Did  
you grow them yourself?

Otley now spreads the papers out in front of Don, and  
again hands him the pen.

OTLEY:

All right, Don -- your name.  
Right here!

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.4)

Don very reluctantly takes the pen, looks at the papers, then at Jean, who swallows and sinks into her chair, and is about to sign his name when the door fortuitously slams open, and Captain Ross rushes in, breathlessly.

ROSS:

Colonel Otley!!!

(grabbing Otley  
impassioned)Colonel Otley, have you ever delivered  
a baby?????

OTLEY:

(as all react)

Well, it's not my specialty . . .

ROSS:

(beside himself)

I don't know what to do . . . !!!

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael, you're the Colonel!

Ross nods frantically.

OTLEY:

(with military efficiency)

There's only one thing to do. Get  
her to the hospital!

ROSS:

(hopeless)

It's too late...

OTLEY:

It's never too late in the Army!

JEAN:

Maybe the baby doesn't know that yet.

ROSS:

(to Mrs. Otley,  
desperately)

You'll help me, won't you...?

MRS. OTLEY:

Of course.

(to her husband)

Come on, Michael...

OTLEY:

What about dinner?

(CONTINUED)



133 (Cont.5)

ROSS:

Dinner?(voice cracks  
with emotion)

When history's being made!!!

MRS. OTLEY:

(to Don and Jean)

We'll be right back.

ROSS:

(to Don)

You can come, too . . . !

DON:

No, thanks -- I think we'll sit  
this baby out.

Ross and Colonel and Mrs. Otley exit, CAMERA WITH Don  
and Jean. Jean picks up the sherry bottle, and  
quickly pours each of them another slug of sherry.

JEAN:

Saved by the stork!

DON:

Just what's the idea, Miss Howard.  
You may have fooled Otley, but you  
didn't fool me. Don't you want him  
to know the truth?

JEAN:

(drinking her sherry  
in one gulp, pouring  
herself more)

Well, you see it -- er -- this  
Lieutenant Allen . .

DON:

What about him?

JEAN:

His little wife isn't. I mean, isn't  
his little wife.

DON:

(dryly)

Well, that comes as no surprise to me.

JEAN:

It came as a surprise to Colonel Otley.  
Your pal Horace's Army future is now  
past tense, and the little -- lady was  
run out of the state on a rail.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.6)

JEAN (Cont.)

(downing second  
glass of sherry,  
pouring a third)

I don't want to live in Nevada the  
rest of my life and just look over  
the State Line!

DON:

(deep sigh)

Every time I think this has gone far  
enough, it goes further.

(grimly thoughtful)

Now what?

JEAN:

I don't know. I've thought about  
it for two days -- I'm all thought  
out.

Rises, and crosses room to a small couch, as Don  
pours himself another glass of sherry.

DON:

If there'd been more houses in  
Clayfield in the first place,  
this never would have happened.

JEAN:

(sitting down on couch,  
leaning back tiredly,  
kicking her shoes off)

That's rather an obvious remark.

DON:

(turning, at table)

Not if you're interested in planned  
neighborhoods . . .

JEAN:

Oh, I am . . .  
(polishes off  
this sherry)

DON:

(with enthusiasm)

After the war, you won't recognize  
little towns like this. No more  
shacks on the outskirts. No more  
dingy bungalows. No more jerry-  
building . . .

He starts to cross to her, but she signals for him to  
bring the sherry bottle. He does so, sits down beside  
her, refills her glass, and launches into an  
enthusiastic discourse.

(CONTINUED)



133 (Cont.7)

DON:

You've probably never heard of the Donald Mallory development plan, but with a little capital -- why -- why, just the co-op headquarters themselves will be a little city!

(she watches him, reflectively, as he talks; the sherry starting to work)

Horizontal structural louvers protecting it from the sun -- insulating glass -- high velocity air-conditioning -- plastics -- !

(looks at her eagerly)

Have you thought of the strides plastics have made in the past few years?

JEAN:

Oh, yes -- often . . . !  
(she picks up the sherry bottle off the floor, and refills her glass again; he doesn't want any)

DON:

And the young men who'll be coming back from all the different war fronts -- who'll want families -- homes . . . !

JEAN:

(drinking sherry, but more slowly)  
'S terrible . . . !

DON:

It isn't terrible! The whole future of our country is wrapped up in their needs. Why I have plans that . . . !

JEAN:

(starting to go on the make for him)  
You talk just like an archi-archi -- architect . . .

DON:

I am an architect.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN:

(moving close to him,  
as he tries to sidle  
away slightly)

Nonsense. You're a Lieutenant.  
In the Army. Remember?

(reaches for sherry  
bottle, but he stops  
her; then, she won't  
let go of his hand)

DON:

I was an architect before I was a  
Lieutenant.

JEAN:

(as she figures  
this out)

Oh -- oh -- sure. You could have  
been, at that.

(moves over further;  
Don is now backed up  
against the arm of  
the couch)

You know Lieutenant, I'll bet you  
made an awful cute architect . . . !

DON:

Cute?

JEAN:

(looking at him, and  
then shaking her  
head wondrously)

There's something about you that  
sherry certainly does to me . . .

DON:

(takes her arm and rises,  
pulling her up after him)

Come on, Miss Howard --

JEAN:

Where?

DON:

(indicating table)

We're cooked. But so is the dinner.  
And I think we better feed this sherry  
jag of yours before it gets us into --

(with meaning about  
her romantic mood)

-- more trouble.

CUT TO:



134. EXT. CABIN #6

NIGHT

Slim comes jauntily into SHOT, and KNOCKS briskly on the door, reacting as Don's mother opens it.

SLIM:

Oh, I -- beg your pardon, ma'am.  
I was looking for Mrs. Mallory . . .

MRS. MALLORY:

I'm Mrs. Mallory.

SLIM:

Not the one I mean. She's more --  
(outlines Jean's  
shape with his hands)  
-- you know. This is cabin six . . . ?

MRS. MALLORY:

(puzzled)  
Yes -- but . . .

At this moment, Lucille rushes up the steps of the cabin, and forces his way through them.

LUCILLE:

(to Slim)  
'Evenin, Uncle Eddie . . .  
(to Mrs. Mallory,  
pushing through  
into room)  
Beggin' your pardon, ma'am. . .

He exits toward bathroom, CAMERA WITH Mrs. Mallory and Slim, who both look after him with surprise. A bare moment passes before he is back, with an electric heater trying to push his way back out.

LUCILLE:

(continuing)  
We need this 'lectric heater --  
we're havin' a baby . . . !  
(he starts out, but  
Mrs. Mallory grabs him  
by the coat-tails)

MRS. MALLORY:

Just a minute, boy. Where is the  
young lady who was in here, who  
was more --  
(indicates Jean's form  
with her hands)  
-- you know?

LUCILLE:

You mean Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Mallory?  
She's down in Cabin #10, makin' time  
with her husband.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

LUCILLE: (Cont.)

(confidentially)

An' ah suspicion he's your son, but  
don' ask me t' explain anything!

He hurries out, as Mrs. Mallory looks after him, then  
at each other.

CUT BACK TO:

135. DON AND JEAN AT TABLE INT. OTLEY CABIN

Don is eating, but Jean is just sitting, in a sweet  
little alcoholic daze, watching him. Finally he looks  
up, with mild annoyance.

DON:

What's the matter?

JEAN:

When you swallow, your Adam's  
apple goes up and down -- up  
and down . . .

(illustrates this)

DON:

(indicating her food)

Go on -- eat.

Jean moves herself, her chair, and her plate over nearer  
to him, and then reaches for the sherry bottle, which is  
across the table. Don catches her wrist, just before  
she pours more wine.

DON:

Oh, no . . .

JEAN:

But I'm thirsty!

DON:

(planting her full  
water glass directly  
in front of her)

Water.

She looks at him with mild alcoholic indignation,  
wrinkles up her nose in a little face at him, takes a  
swallow of water, and chokes terribly. This causes  
considerable confusion, during which he pounds her on  
the back, and she turns purple, and then white again.  
Finally, she gets her breath.

(CONTINUED)



135 (Cont.)

JEAN:  
What are you trying to do, drown  
me?

DON:  
(eating again)  
No.

JEAN:  
(sighing)  
Every man kills the thing he loves.  
(sighs again)  
Love . . . Have you ever been in  
love, Lieutenant?

DON:  
Well, there was a girl in Milwaukee.  
But that wasn't love.

JEAN:  
(understandingly)  
And there was Slim this afternoon.  
But that wasn't love, either.

DON:  
What was it?

JEAN:  
Business . . .  
(quite firmly)  
But love is a beautiful thing. . .

She moves closer to him again, her hand running up his  
arm, her lips near his cheek. We see that this is  
beginning to get Don.

DON:  
(gulping)  
I catch two hours of it, every  
Saturday night at a movie. That's  
-- enough for me . . .

JEAN:  
(slowly shaking her  
head)  
What kind of a man are you. . . ?

DON:  
I am a man with tremendous self-  
control. . .

(CONTINUED)

135(Cont.1)

JEAN:  
(her face very close  
to his)  
That's silly.....

DON:  
(breaking)  
You're right.

With this, he takes her in his arms and kisses her very strongly, and as he does so, the door bursts open, and in strides Mrs. Mallory, followed by Slim.

MRS. MALLORY:  
Donald.....!

Don and Jean break.

DON:  
(sickly)  
Hello -- Mother.....

JEAN:  
(to Slim)  
Oh, it's you.....!

SLIM:  
Yes, it's me. You all ready to go?

DON:  
Mother, I'd -- like you to meet  
Miss -- Howard.....

MRS. MALLORY:  
(icily)  
I've already had the pleasure.  
Now, I expect an explanation!

DON:  
Well, it's really very simple. You  
see -- Miss Howard and I -- we --

JEAN:  
I asked him to register with me, Mrs.  
Mallory -- because I had to have the  
room. No harm intended, of course.

MRS. MALLORY:  
You inveigled my son into coming  
here??? What sort of a woman are you?

(CONTINUED)



135 (Cont.2)

JEAN:

What sort of a woman are you  
looking for?

The door in b.g. has been left open after Mrs. Mallory's entrance with Slim, and now Lucille and Mr. Howard appear in it. CAMERA ANGLING TO FAVOR them. Lucille's arms are full of pillows and blankets, and Mr. Howard has apparently just arrived, and stopped him en route to the Rose cabin.

LUCILLE:

(indicating contents  
of cabin)

Most of 'em are in here, mister --  
havin' a pleasant little get-together...

The PRINCIPALS in the cabin are momentarily unaware of Mr. Howard's arrival, as Mrs. Mallory launches into a tirade directed at Jean.

MRS. MALLORY:

I should have known when I saw you!  
I should have suspected! Nothing but  
a cheap, common, ordinary, little -- !

Mr. Howard now steps forward, interrupting - and a moment later, Colonel and Mrs. Otley take his place in the doorway, so that the Colonel hears the last part of the following dialogue.

JEAN:

Dad.....!

HOWARD:

(to Mrs. Mallory)

To whom are you referring?

MRS. MALLORY:

(indicating Jean)

This -- this -- this woman!

HOWARD:

Well, this woman happens to be my  
daughter. Jean, what's the meaning  
of this?

JEAN:

Nothing, Dad -- nothing. She's just  
a little upset because Lieutenant  
Mallory and I aren't married.....

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.3)

At this, Colonel Otley steps forward with a roar.

OTLEY:

What? Not married!!!!!!!

HOWARD:

(to Otley)

Who're you?

OTLEY:

(almost bellowing)

Who're you?

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Otley)

What was it.....?

MRS. OTLEY:

A boy! The cutest little boy.....!

During this, Colonel Otley has advanced on Don, who looks as if he's facing a firing-squad.

OTLEY:

Not married, eh? I demand a complete explanation of this, Lieutenant Mallory!

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Otley)

What did they name him?

MRS. OTLEY:

John Junior. After his father.

JEAN:

That's always nice.

(CONTINUED)



135 (Cont.4)

During this, Howard has also advanced on Don.

HOWARD:

I demand a complete explanation!

(to Otley,

indicating Jean)

I'm her father!

OTLEY:

(to Mrs. Mallory)

Who're you?

MRS. MALLORY:

(indicating Don)

I'm his mother!

OTLEY:

(turning on Slim)

Are you anybody's father or mother?

SLIM:

Not that I know of.....

COLONEL OTLEY:

How dare you be flip with your  
Commanding Officer!

SLIM:

You're not my Commanding Officer.

MRS. OTLEY:

(stepping in,

unhappily)

The -- the gentleman has on civilian  
clothes, Michael.

OTLEY:

A.W.O.L!!!! In civvies!!!! You'll  
hang for this!!!!

SLIM:

Take it easy, chum. I don't even  
belong to your club anymore. Clarke's  
the name - Slim Clarke. . .

Ignoring this, Otley now turns the full force of his  
wrath on Don.

OTLEY:

So you thought you could put  
something over on me, did you. . . ???

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.5)

DON:

No, sir -- but -- well, you see,  
sir . . .

OTLEY:

(nodding, grimly)  
I see! Do I look like an imbecile?

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael!

OTLEY:

Don't "Michael" me! How dare they  
flaunt their indecencies in my face!

JEAN:

(starting to exit)  
Well, it was sweet of you to ask  
me to dinner . . .

OTLEY:

(turning, stopping  
her)  
It was sweet of you . . . ????  
(mind working  
quickly)  
It was sweet of you . . . ????  
(pounds his fist  
down on the table)  
Now I know where I've seen you!  
The girl on the highway! The one  
out of the gopher hole! It was  
"sweet of you to stop . . . "

MRS. OTLEY:

Michael -- what are you talking about?

OTLEY:

A cheap little . . . !

Jean steps up to him and slaps his face, hard, as  
everyone reacts. Don reacts in anguish.

(CONTINUED)



135 (Cont.6)

JEAN:

(to Otley, who  
is stunned)

I don't care if you are a Colonel!  
I don't care what you are! You  
can't talk to me like that!

(she is very disturbed  
emotionally, particularly  
on top of the sherry jag,  
and this is delivered on  
the verge of tears)

You ought to be proud of Lieutenant  
Mallory for having enough chivalry  
to help a girl when she needs help!

MRS. MALLORY:

Oh, Don . . . !

JEAN:

(to Otley)

I got Lieutenant Mallory into this  
mess, Colonel Otley, and believe me  
he's been a gentleman at all times!  
The blankets in the kitchen of our  
cabin should relieve your most un-  
pleasant suspicions!

OTLEY:

Blankets?

(to Don)

You mean you slept in the kitchen . . . ?

DON:

No, Sir -- I slept outside . . .

JEAN:

(to Don)

Lieutenant Mallory, it's useless to  
lie any longer.

(to others)

And I suppose it's useless to even  
try and explain! But it's the truth!

Breaking into a little sob, she turns and hurries out  
of the cabin, leaving the others all standing looking  
after her for a minute. Then Slim speaks quietly.

SLIM:

I'll be going, too.

(CONTINUED)

135 (Cont.7)

He exits after her, passing Ross, who again frantically appears in the doorway.

ROSS:

Mrs. Otley, will you come back and hold the baby? It looks like there's another comin' up. . .

MRS. OTLEY:

Another. . . !

ROSS:

(to Otley)

Well, I haven't been on as many bivouacs as the rest of the men, Colonel.

MRS. OTLEY:

(to her husband,  
quickly)

Come on, Michael.

OTLEY:

(to Don, from  
doorway)

Report back to Camp, Lieutenant Mallory! I don't believe a word of that preposterous story!

He exits after Mrs. Otley and Lucille. Don looks after him, swallows, bows his head hopelessly.

MRS. MALLORY:

Oh, Don -- and you an Eagle Scout . . . !

DON:

(turning to her)

Mother . . .

HOWARD:

(firmly, demanding  
explanation)

Young man, you'd better begin at the beginning . . .

CUT TO:



## 136. EXT. ROSS CABIN

It is a scene of considerable commotion, as women of the Court come and go from it, and their husbands group around outside, talking. The weak cries of a new-born baby are heard from cabin, and presently the shrill squawk of a second. Ross comes into SHOT, with Mrs. Otley and the Colonel on his heels, just as Mrs. Wingate comes out of the Ross cabin, stopping them.

MRS. WINGATE:

Well, you now have two boys,  
Lieutenant! And it looks like you  
may have three....!

ROSS:

(reacting)

Three????

MRS. WINGATE:

(sighs)

I suppose I'll have to take out a  
new kind of license for this!

She bustles off, as Ross hurries into cabin, followed by Mrs. Otley. The Colonel is stopped by Lucille, who hurries up to him, withdrawing a very grimy telegram envelope from his pocket.

LUCILLE:

This came a while ago, General --  
but I ain't had a chance to deliver  
it -- owin' to th' birth rate an' all.

OTLEY:

(taking telegram, and  
looking at it curiously)

Thank you, Lucille.

LUCILLE:

An' by th' way -- I jes' happened  
t' be passin' your cabin when all  
th' fireworks were goin' off, an'  
what th' lady an' th' General said  
was right. He did sleep outside las'  
night.

OTLEY:

Are you sure?

LUCILLE:

(brings out his  
little black book)

It's right here, in my dairy....

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

OTLEY:  
 (taking diary, glancing  
 at it, handing it back)  
 You actually saw him?

LUCILLE:  
 I not only saw him, General -- I  
 almost sat on him. You see, my  
 girl frien' an' I was out lookin'  
 at the moon, an'....

OTLEY:  
 (briskly, but with  
 a little softer air)  
 You're sure it was Lieutenant Mallory?  
 (starts to open  
 telegram)

LUCILLE:  
 Oh yes, sir! I never forget a face.  
 Particularly when I sit on it!

He exits, CAMERA WITH Otley, who reads and then rereads  
 the telegram, reacting strongly. Finally his hand drops  
 to his side, with it, and he shakes his head and moves  
 slowly to a nearby bench or garden chair, sinking down  
 very dejectedly, and staring o.s. with great disappoint-  
 ment.

## 137. EXT. OTLEY CABIN

Don comes out, after apparently having undergone a  
 grueling from Mr. Howard, slaps his cap on his head  
 grimly, and starts along the walk toward Cabin #6. He  
 is stopped, as he passes Ross' cabin, by Otley calling  
 him.

OTLEY'S VOICE:  
 Don....!

As Don turns --

## 138. ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING OTLEY

nearby. He signals Don, who comes over, and stands in  
 front of him, very stiffly.

OTLEY:  
 You have an apology coming, my  
 boy. I've checked your story,  
 and found out it's the truth.

(CONTINUED)



138 (Cont.)

DON:  
(crisply)  
Thank you, sir.

OTLEY:  
I should have known better in the  
first place.

DON:  
Yes, sir.

OTLEY:  
No fool like an old fool, Don...

He hands Don the telegram with no further comment, and  
Don glances at him and then starts to read it.

139. EXT. ROSS CABIN

NIGHT

Mrs. Otley comes fluttering out, and passes through a  
waiting group.

MRS. OTLEY:  
Canada! Brazil! And now the  
Colonial Auto Court!  
(sights husband o.s.,  
and starts toward  
him)  
Oh, Michael -- this'll make head-  
lines!  
(pauses at his side)  
What's the matter?

OTLEY:  
(takes the telegram  
out of Don's hand,  
and gives it to her)  
Evidently, twenty-five pounds  
wasn't enough, Kate....

MRS. OTLEY:  
(before she reads it)  
Oh, Michael....

OTLEY:  
(nodding)  
The boys are -- going without me...

DON:  
(to Otley, as she  
reads)  
I'm sorry, sir. I can't tell you  
how sorry.

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

I -- I don't suppose I ever expected it, Don. I -- I just wanted it so much...

(with a tired smile)

Better turn in early, and don't bother going out to Camp. You can go with me, in the morning...

DON:

Yes, sir.

He turns away, with CAMERA, but before he has gone very far, Ross bounces out of his cabin, stopping him.

ROSS:

(holding up four fingers)

Four.....!!!!

He gives Don a look of stark blank amazement, and then faints dead away, Don catching him just before he hits the ground. As other men gather around, and try to revive him --

140. MED. SHOT COLONEL AND MRS. OTLEY

Mrs. Otley rereads the wire, and then looks at her husband, tears welling in her eyes. He rises from the bench.

MRS. OTLEY:

(crying, indicating wire, her hand tightening on his arm)

I know I'm selfish, but -- this makes me the happiest woman in the world.....!

OTLEY:

(with a little smile, wiping a tear off her cheek)

Your laughter's leaking a little bit, Kate.

They start toward his cabin, with CAMERA, and as they go, Otley's expression and his walk both grow more and more firm.

(CONTINUED)



140 (Cont.)

OTLEY:

Well, at least I can eat again!  
 Tomorrow night I want roast pork --  
 with lots of fat, mind you, brown  
crunchy fat! -- and a great big  
Idaho potato, with two pats of butter  
 -- and home-made rolls, the kind you  
 used to make -- and an apple pie --  
 a whole apple pie! -- and a tankard  
 of beer this big.....!  
 (demonstrates with  
 his hands)

They have reached their cabin, and as they turn in --

141. INT. OTLEY CABIN

Mr. Howard and Mrs. Mallory are sitting at the table, eating dinner together, and Mr. Howard is in the process of pouring each of them a little more sherry, when the Otleys enter. They are friendly and quite convivial, but a little bit embarrassed at their hosts' entrance.

HOWARD:

(somewhat coyly)

Mrs. Mallory and I have discovered  
 something in common. Our appetites.

MRS. OTLEY:

(delighted)

There's plenty for everyone!  
 (makes a place ready  
 for the Colonel)

Sit here, Michael, and start with  
 some of this creamed fish! It is  
 delicious!

OTLEY:

Will I!

(sitting down, as she  
 serves him)

A little heavier with the sauce, my  
 dear.

She smiles, and gives him more food. He tucks his napkin in his shirt expansively, as others exchange amused looks and continue eating, takes a forkful of food from the plate, and has it in mid-air, before he pauses, looks at it for a long moment, and finally puts it down. He pushes the plate away from him a little, and moves back slightly from the table.

(CONTINUED)

142. JEAN AND SLIM NEAR STEPS OF CABIN #6

as Don approaches. Jean, still tearful, is in Slim's arms.

DON:  
(seeing this)  
Trying to get another order?

Jean is hurt, and starts to reply, but Don continues into the cabin.

SLIM:  
(trying to comfort Jean)  
Don't take it so hard, kid - the  
army's full of lieutenants.

JEAN:  
Sure...and the sea's full of fish,  
but there's only one fish for me -  
and he doesn't even know I'm alive.

SLIM:  
I think he suspects it.

JEAN:  
Then why does he treat me like this?

SLIM:  
Men are beasts.

JEAN:  
You're not.

SLIM:  
I'm a non-practicing beast.  
(thinking about Don)  
Then, too, maybe he's jealous.

JEAN:  
Jealous?

Slim nods, and Jean feels grateful for this consolation.

JEAN:  
You'd make some girl a wonderful  
husband - some dumb, little small-  
town girl.

SLIM:  
(accepts this stoically)  
I see just what you mean, Miss Howard  
- and if it won't disturb you, I think  
I'll run along and look one up.  
(with several meanings)  
It's been quite an experience meeting you.

He exits, and Jean looks after him, then blows her nose  
and hiccoughs - then hears an echo, looks around  
curiously.



143. CLOSE SHOT CHLOE, THE FROG  
watching Jean, gurgling slightly.

144. MED. SHOT JEAN AND CHLOE

JEAN:

Hello, Chloe. Chloe, have you ever  
been in love with someone who didn't  
love you...? What did you do about it?

Chloe looks at Jean, then shows her by following a large  
bullfrog around the other corner of the house. Jean  
takes her cue, gets up and goes to window of cabin,  
where she sees Don taking blankets off the bed.

JEAN:

(through window)

What are you doing?

DON:

Getting ready to go to bed.

JEAN:

Before dinner?

DON:

I'm very tired, Miss Howard - I've  
had a hard day, and Colonel Otley  
told me to catch up on my sleep here  
- because it seems I'm not getting  
kicked out of the Army after all.

Don starts for kitchen, Jean following him on the out-  
side.

JEAN:

Aren't you?

DON:

No. I'm just getting transferred,  
and where I'm going I'll need my  
sleep where I've been.

JEAN:

You mean you're going to be shipped out?

DON:

That's what it said - that's what  
the telegram said.

Don starts back toward living room, Jean following again.

JEAN:

Gee, I hate to think of you way  
across the Pacific - not having any  
one to get a letter from.

(CONTINUED)

DON:

Oh, my friends will write -- and  
my mother.

JEAN:

And then, when you get back, not  
having a little woman to come home  
to -- like other lieutenants and  
people -- it would be terrible.

DON:

Would it?

JEAN:

Of course. A man needs a helpmate.

DON:

Why?

JEAN:

Well, he -- he -- he just does, that's  
all. After all, men are only -- only  
overgrown boys -- practically babies....

DON:

That's a very interesting philosophy.

JEAN:

(with wistful eagerness)

Does it interest you? Just a little...?

DON:

No. Not just a little. Now if you'll  
excuse me, I have an important phone  
call to make.

As Don turns toward phone, Jean walks back to the steps  
and sinks down on them very dejectedly. She perks up  
her ears, however, as the cabin door behind her swings  
open in a draft, and Don's voice is HEARD at phone.

DON'S VOICE:

Hello -- may I speak to Reverend  
Dangle?

(pause)

Yes. Lieutenant Mallory. From  
Camp Clay.

(pause - as Jean's  
reaction develops)

Hello -- Dangle? I mean -- Reverend?  
I wonder if you could fix up a wedding?  
For two?

(pause)

Yes. My wife and myself. Fine.  
We'll be right over!

(CONTINUED)



144 (Cont.2)

As he apparently hangs up, Jean swallows with mounting surprise, rises, and runs away from the cabin. Don comes out, sees her running away, and starts after her.

145. MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Don passes the Ross cabin, Captain Ross makes an appearance. He holds up four fingers and then crumples in a heap in the doorway, in a dead faint. Don pauses momentarily, not knowing what to do. One of the women of the court appears in the cabin doorway behind Ross.

DON:

(to her nicely -  
indicating Ross)

He's -- fainted.

He turns to look after Jean. As he does so, he reacts at hearing the beep-beeping of his car horn.

146. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT MOTOR COURT DRIVEWAY

Jean is just driving Don's car into scene, honking the horn. Don runs into scene and jumps into the car just as Mrs. Wingate hurries out of her cabin with a registration form.

MRS. WINGATE:

Wait a minute! At last I've found  
one second to register you!

Don signs the slip.

DON:

There you are! Lieutenant and  
Mrs. Mallory!

JEAN:

Now can you tell us how to find the  
Reverend Dangle.....?

MRS. WINGATE:

(beginning automatically)

Drive through town -- turn to the  
right on the second street ... then  
you.....

(catches herself -  
double-taking question  
and answer)

DON AND JEAN:

(simultaneously)

Thank you!

(CONTINUED)

146 (Cdnt.)

They drive off, Joan at the wheel, and Don quickly edging over to her.

147. MED. SHOT SIDE OF OTLEY CABIN

Colonel and Mrs. Otley, and Mr. Howard and Mrs. Mallory, all stare out of it, after the retreating car. Lucille, near the door, is the only one who can put his thoughts into words.

LUCILLE:

I always say there's nothin' like  
a wedding t'bring two married people  
t'gether.

As others react, and as the wedding march swells OVER  
SHT -

FADE OUT.

THE END



148. CLOSE SHOT CLAYFIELD PHONE BOOK

-- in Jean's hand, her finger underlining:

DANGLE, REVEREND LUCIFER

149. MED. TWO JEAN AND DON

JEAN:

(closing book,  
repeating a number)

Clayfield 447 . . .  
(picks up phone again)

DON:

Now, wait a minute . . . !

JEAN:

But I couldn't think of you way  
across the Pacific -- not having  
anyone to get a letter from . . . !!!

DON:

Oh, my friends will write. And  
my mother . . .

JEAN:

(ignoring this)

And then when you get back, not  
having a little woman to come  
home to -- like other Lieutenants  
and people! -- why . . . !

(to operator,  
over phone)

Clayfield 447 . . .  
(to Don)  
. . . it would be terrible!

DON:

(slowly growing  
amused)

Would it?

JEAN:

Of course! A man needs a help-  
mate -- a -- a --

(searches for right  
word, as other end  
of line answers)

-- a -- hello, Reverend Dangle . . . ?  
(pause)

Oh -- oh, all right . . .  
(to Don, as she waits)

It was his wife. You see, even he  
has a wife. Men should have wives.

(CONTINUED)

149 (Cont.)

JEAN: (Cont.)

(into phone, as  
Dangle come on)  
Reverend Dangle -- this is Mrs. Mallory --  
I mean, Miss Howard -- Jean Howard -- I  
wonder if you could fix up a -- a wedding . .

DON:

(grinning)

For two.

JEAN:

(to Don, eyes widening,  
'as the phone is poised  
in her hand)  
You will?????

DON:

Have to put on my shoes first.

JEAN:

(into phone quickly)  
We'll be right over.  
(hangs up, pounces  
on Don ecstatically)  
Oh -- Lieutenant Mallory . . . !

DON:

(benignly)

Under the circumstances, you  
may call me Don.

JEAN:

Did anyone ever tell you what  
broad shoulders you have?

She takes hold of his head, pulls it down to her, and  
kisses him heavily.

150. MED. SHOT DOOR TO LIVING ROOM

which opens, Mrs. Mallory starting to enter. Lucille  
is behind her, with parts of the twin beds, and  
Colonel Otley and Mr. Howard follow with the rest of  
them. They stand in the doorway, transfigured by what  
they see.

LUCILLE:

You folks won't mind if I move  
that double bed out now, will you?



151. CLOSE TWO JEAN AND DON

in embrace, oblivious to all this.

152. GROUP IN DOORWAY

OTLEY:

(stopping Lucille)

Lucille -- this looks like a great  
spot for a strategic retreat.....

Mrs. Wingate bustles into SCENE, holding a card, and  
pushes her way through group on steps, stopping when  
she sees Don and Jean, who come out of embrace, and  
look at her with giddy happiness. As she advances  
upon them --

153. PRINCIPALS INT. CABIN #6

MRS. WINGATE:

At last I found one minute to  
register you!

(holds forth a  
card and pen)

JEAN:

(to Don)

I'll do this. Get your shoes.

She quickly signs the card, as Don hurries into kitchen,  
and comes out, carrying his shoes, coat, tie and cap.

JEAN:

(to Mrs. Wingate,  
finishing)

There you are! Mr. and Mrs.  
Lieutenant Mallory! Now --  
can you tell us how to find  
the Reverend Dangle . . . ?

MRS. WINGATE:

(beginning automatically)

Drive through town -- turn to the  
right the second street . . .  
then you .....

(catches herself,  
double-taking question  
and her answer)

DON:

(grinning)

We can't miss!

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

He and Jean hurry through group in doorway.

JEAN:

Come on everybody!

They continue on, CAMERA WITH Otley, Mrs. Mallory, Mr. Howard, and Lucille, Mrs. Wingate in b.g., still reacting. Group pauses for a moment, things have happened so fast. Finally, Lucille speaks with awe and surprise.

LUCILLE:

Me! A bridesmaid!

154. LONG SHOT DOWN COURT OF MOTEL

from cabin, as Don and Jean run toward his car, Don in his stocking feet. In OTHER ANGLES we SEE other cabin doors open, people looking out after them curiously, and as the Wedding March swells over SHOT --

FADE OUT.

T H E   E N D